

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 22.

WHOM SHOULD WE LOVE?

BY BELLE BUSH.

Whom should we love?—the wise? the good?
All things born of noble blood,
Whose deeds have blessed our brotherhood?
Whom should we love?—the rich? the great?
The lord of many a vast estate,
On whom a hundred vassals wait?
Whom should we love?—the young? the fair?
Whose brows no marks of sorrow wear,
Who live untasked by toil or care?
Whom should we love?—the true? the pure?
Who calmly all life's ills endure?
Whose ways are blest, whose steps are sure?
Whom should we love? I ask again,
And thought takes up the wondrous strain,
And brings an answer in its train.
Our love to bless the human race
Should every form of life embrace,
And good in every being trace.
The young, the old, the rich, the poor,
The beggar waiting at our door,
Each has a claim on love's bright store.
Who spurneth one, or weak or strong,
Doth his own soul and God's wrong,
Which Justice will requite ere long.
Oh human beings that beat as one,
Learn ye to sing in rapturous tone,
Who loveth, well loves every one.

The Spirit-World.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SCENES, INCIDENTS, CONDITIONS, &c.,
OF REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

ARTICLE III.

Children experience trials in spirit-life in common with those in earth-life. They weep over the sorrows of their kindred in earth-life, as they become acquainted with these through sympathetic communication with friends. They cannot always have their will, being required, from the necessities of the case, to follow the employment of guarding some relative in the flesh, under the supervision of an older guardian, for a certain portion of each day, except such days as are given them for holidays. It is disagreeable to them often to follow this employment, to study and practice the method of keeping themselves in rapport with their charges; however, it is an imperative necessity that their guardians shall demand this labor of them. They are to be educated to labor, as well as to learn life's lessons through another; and the discipline which is exercised to this end is salutary.

A child that finds its nearest affinity outside its own family circle, is required to spend a portion of each day with its own family and a portion with its charge in another family. This is as agreeable to the child as though it were required to spend the allotted time in one place or locality in earth's sphere. It naturally loves its charge in the flesh better than any other one, unless it be its parents. Often it would linger around its mother or father, if permitted, and neglect the important duty of studying its lessons through another.

Could it be understood by the members of family circles from whose midst loved ones have been taken, how pleasing it is to these "lost lambs of the flock" to be remembered and frequently spoken of—not with such emotions of grief as are apt to swell the bosoms of the recently bereaved, but with the same cheerfulness of spirit as they are apt to feel in speaking of those absent ones who are not "lost" to them as these other ones—they would seek to quell their emotions of grief, and for the sake of the little ones keep their memory green, and speak of them often as though they were still living, loving and dependent children. They would remind each other often of these absent ones, that no member of the family should forget that these are of the family yet, and destined to be; and their troubles would be lightened if harmony and love were ever manifested in the circle.

A childish spirit cannot bear sorrows such as mothers feel, and it is not profitable or agreeable to them to witness the intense emotions which sway the mother's spirit when she is bereaved of her children; therefore they are allowed to witness as little of this as possible until they are of an age to bear sorrow. "My mother weeps incessantly and I cannot soothe her, for she does not see me near her; so take me away from her, for I cannot bear to see her grieve." This is the language of many, very many children, who are of an age to understand the condition of mind of those they approach in the flesh.

Strong emotion is one important means in use for the development of the mediumistic powers of individuals, and therefore it often happens that mothers are comforted by the presence of their lost ones, which they are made to feel, perhaps, but momentarily, but yet so vividly that they are comforted; and the memory remains with them as an assurance of the frequent presence of the lost one.

A mother wept in deepest sorrow over the grave of a recently deceased babe. Her grief could not be soothed, as hers was a spirit whose depth of feeling was immeasurable. Her love was as deep as her grief, and the babe of her bosom that she had laid in the dust was, as it were, drawing her spirit after it to the land of souls. She knew not the comfort derived from a faith in the spiritual philosophy—from the knowledge of the presence of loved ones in the family circle whose clay mingles with mother earth in the cold churchyard. She needed comfort, and a band of spirits, her near kindred, bearing the babe in their midst, formed a circle about her and impressed vividly upon her brain the pres-

ence of her babe hovering about her. So real was this presence to her, that her grief was immediately changed to joy. "He is here; I know he is here about my head, and not in this cold grave. I shall go home and lie with him." With this feeling vividly impressed upon her mind the mother went to her home. She assured her friends that she knew her babe had visited her at the grave; she was as sure of it as though she had seen him. Years have fled, and this circumstance is as vivid in her mind now as on the day of its occurrence. The effort was a strong one, as her friends realized that her grief would destroy her mortal life unless it was stayed.

Surprises sometimes have a very salutary effect on an individual; and it has been the practice among spirits to stimulate the progress of individuals just entering upon spirit-life by surprising them by the unexpected appearance of friends. Many mothers have buried children who have believed these children helped to swell the mass of souls doomed forever to writhe in torment in the place prepared for unbelievers. As unnatural as such a belief is, it has been enforced, and mothers' hearts have bled, uncheered by the hope which sustains those of a more congenial faith.

A mother was dying. Her kindred were gathered around her bed, and her minister was administering the consolations of the church. She received the sacrament, expressed her faith in the atoning merits of Christ, and died with a load upon her spirit. In her last moments of consciousness she remembered that if those merits availed for her, they did not for her son, who had died unconverted. "I shall not meet him at the right hand of God, where I expect to meet his father and sister, my parents and so many loved friends." She could not rejoice in the prospect of meeting only a part of those whom she had loved who had gone before. Thought she, "It is the will of God," and her spirit passed into the presence of a band of her kindred. "These are happy and holy, I know from their angelic countenances, but where are the others? And he is not here; it is as I expected." She was not permitted to feel grief or strong emotions of any nature now; but as she became strong, and her mother-nature would not be restrained, she asked for her son. "Where is he? Do you know?" said she to her husband, who was conversing with her, and soothing to instill into her mind a knowledge of things as they are. "I would go to him if I could, if he were in hell," said she. "We will go to him," said the father. Together they sought, as the mother supposed, a place where the vengeance of God was being visited on condemned victims. A fair landscape opened upon their vision as they traveled, and a fair dwelling appeared in its background, embowered in trees and shrubbery. "How natural everything seems," said the mother. "I am surprised that heaven is such a place. What a pleasant view! and what a fine residence!" "We will call here," said the husband; "I know the family who reside here."

"But a moment," said the mother. "I cannot wait." They entered the path that led to the dwelling, and followed it as it wound through a garden more tastefully laid out and adorned than she had ever seen. As they drew near the dwelling, one approached them in joyous mood, and welcomed them as his parents. "My mother," he said, with inexpressible joy and astonishment she clasped him to her bosom. "Is this your home? and do you dwell alone?" said she. "It is my home, and we will find if there is another occupant of this dwelling." They found a lovely woman and adopted children, who called the son and his companion father and mother. Satisfied, and with a heart full of such gratitude and praise as she had never before experienced, this mother reclined upon the bosom of her son while she recounted to him her sufferings on his account—her fears of his awful fate. He then recounted to her something of his life history in the sphere. With this experience there came to the mother a new revelation of the love of the Father to misguided men. Henceforth she looked not for such a place of torment as had haunted her visions in the past. She was set at once upon the track of rapid progress in learning the ways of God with men, and in improving her own nature.

There is an ocean, deep and broad, that separates one portion of the section of the second sphere which represents Earth, from that which represents Jupiter on the sphere. This ocean is interspersed with islands, like an oceanic surface on a physical planet. On these islands there are no human beings, save now and then a voyager pauses, for some purpose, upon them. They dot the surface of this broad ocean of rare magnetism as stars dot the firmament of heaven, apparently being but spots just skimming the surface, with immeasurable depths of ether beneath them. These are the nuclei of sections upon the spiritual sphere, derived from the Asteroidal system, situated between Jupiter and Mars. The ocean in which they are situated is the space allotted on the sphere to the great planet which was disrupted soon after its evolution from its parent, the sun, and whose fragments form the Asteroidal system. It is space, but filled with magnetic life which emanates from the surfaces about it. To a spirit approaching this space on the surface, the effect is somewhat like that produced on approaching an ocean on the physical surface. Like the ocean it appears boundless, but of varying hues, whose richness and variety surpass those of the rainbow.

A band of spirits prepared themselves to traverse this space, and visit the spiritual Jupiter. They were spirits of high circles, who had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Nature's elements and the method of appropriating these to whatever purpose they had in view, to be able to undertake an enterprise of such magnitude. There is no regulated current of magnetic life of the nature of that upon which spirits travel from a physical to a spiritual sphere, passing to and

fro across such spaces on the spiritual surface, but those who cross them must create a pathway for themselves of the magnetic elements which are rarely distributed across the broad ocean. These elements flow in regular currents to and fro across this ocean of space from the developed sections of surface which bound it on either side, corresponding to the electric currents which flow to and fro through space from one physical planet to another, or from pole to pole and all to one. To condense elements and form a pathway on this magnetic ocean, requires as much knowledge of the nature and use of all elements, and as much practical experience in their use, as would be required of an individual in the flesh to construct a pathway for himself through the waters or through the atmosphere. The magnetism filling this space bears a similar relation to spiritual planetary surface that atmospheric air does to physical planetary surface. There would be insurmountable difficulties in the way of a mortal who should attempt to walk through the atmosphere upon a path of his own construction in the present state of science on earth. Yet physical man may learn to use Nature's elements as to condense atmospheric matter and create pathways which will buoy him up, by a method corresponding to that of spirits who traverse space which stretches between spiritual planetary surfaces, and also illimitable spaces where they find no spiritual currents sufficient to their own natures sufficiently to be used by them without infinite trouble, which obliges them to draw from every grade of circulating currents in the vast "void," wherewith to create for themselves pathways upon which to visit worlds scattered here and there over the universe.

No little curiosity prompted to the voyage that this band were about to undertake; but they went accompanied by teachers whose business it was to assist them in making their way to the further shore. It was their first attempt to make the entire journey across; their previous experiments in navigating space having been confined to smaller areas. The experiment was undertaken with the certainty of its being successful; as lessons in spirit-life are well learned—principles well understood, and made practical by experiment, before a student attempts anything involving such principles, wherein failure would be disastrous or discouraging. It matters not to relate the incidents of the journey, or attempt to describe the emotions of those who, for the first time, launched themselves on the broad ocean with the design of reaching the further shore, without chart or compass, or even a bark in which to sail—whose chart and compass were their knowledge of the character of the magnetic elements of the surface they sought, and whose bark was to be a current attracted together by the united force of the whole party. They could enjoy themselves on the passage as the oarsmen enjoy themselves in propelling their boat, having learned the use of the oars so perfectly that it requires less labor and attention to use them than when they were first learning their use.

To explore the surface of the spiritual Jupiter and study the manner of life, customs, &c., of its people, was one object in view in undertaking their journey. The limits of this article will not allow of a narration of their travels and experiences; however, some facts may be stated illustrative of the status of this people. They found no circles corresponding to the first and second in their own section of the sphere. This was sure evidence that the planet Jupiter was far in advance of Earth. The forms of society, the methods in use for the management of the lower circles, &c., corresponded with those prevalent among their own people. They were received with heartfelt welcomes wherever they went; and they felt that their home was, indeed, wherever they found brethren of the race of man. The scenery of the surface was more uniformly beautiful than that of their own section, and the products of greater variety and more abundant; which circumstances were sure evidences that Jupiter's surface is more highly developed than Earth's. They searched for evidences of oceans and seas on the physical surface of Jupiter. They discovered that the oceans of Jupiter were seas, compared to the oceans on Earth's surface. So highly productive was this spiritual surface of rare plants and beautiful birds, that there was no section they could discover where these were not; even the spaces representing sea-beds and rocky ridges, were beautified with the products of the fertile sections. The whole surface was a garden, comparatively, and the whole people a comparatively highly developed people.

People crawling about upon a physical planet, with no wings to propel them swiftly through the atmosphere, with no power to overcome the gravity of their physical bodies, which enchains them to the surface, can scarcely realize that it is possible for spirits to "fly on wings of light" from sphere to sphere, from sun to sun of the vast systems of the universe, after they are educated to the method of doing this. With electric speed they travel, because their bodies are magnetic substance, and are propelled by magnetic forces which are regulated by will-power, as the motions of the physical body are regulated by the will. The creeping worm that waits to emerge from its grosser state and soar joyously through the air, fluttering above every flower, appropriating its fragrance, attempting vast heights, and scorning the grovelling condition which was the cradle of its existence, typifies man in his physical and spiritual states. He comes forth a worm. He creeps over the physical surface for a season, and then, like the winged insect, he emerges from his prison—a free spirit, and soars, at length, whithersoever he will. None may set bounds to the ultimate power of a spirit, or limit the scope of its ambition: It ventures through deeps of unexplored oceans of knowledge, and still sees beyond deeps of knowledge, fathomless, immeasurable. It soars through heights on heights of celestial wisdom, and sees beyond heights on heights, stretching to the very seat of the Infinite, and yet it ventures on, forever soaring.

The Lecture Room.

The Inspiration of the Past and the Present: WHICH IS DIVINE? AND HOW DO THEY DIFFER?

A LECTURE BY MRS. N. L. BRONSON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Nov. 20th, 1868.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

A large audience listened with evident interest to the able address, a brief synopsis of which we give below.

The subject announced for the foundation of her remarks was: "The inspiration of the past and the present; which is divine? and how do they differ?" The lecturer stated that, in considering these questions, she should by no means attempt to confine herself to any given limit of divine inspiration, simply because it had been acknowledged as divine, or because it had been given to us, from one era to another, as a gift from God. All those powers, and their effects, to which God had imparted mind, thought and reason—all those, in the name of the Giver, were divine.

The Bible, the history of the old Chaldei, the history of the Jews, the history of past events, may be received as the light of inspiration, but the events which, one after another, show themselves along the ages, and impart an imperishable influence to them, are, also, to be received as the inspiring power of the age to which they come. In each one we find the divine light which inspires man to acts, deeds and purposes, beside the mere assertion of intention. It is sheer nonsense for an individual to acknowledge, as divine, anything which he dare not put in practice; but, on the other hand, that which evinces life and power, that which evinces a talent exerted for the truth, is to be considered as bearing the highest and holiest signet of divine authorship.

In the inspiration of the past we find the laws there given to be necessary to the higher development of mankind, and the answering of the needs of humanity. In each one there was a relative light to every heart by which it appealed to the receiver, so that it was impossible to sever the ties which held all together. Moses upon the mountain, breaking and removing those of his adversaries and opponents, was inspired by the needs of his time; and in each of his rules of action we can trace branches coming out, day by day, and showing themselves akin to the laws we find true in our times. Every need which brings within it a supply—which brings within it the power to convert shadow to substance, theories to demonstration—such, under each and every circumstance, belongs to us as a divine gift from God. Thus God has inspired man, in all ages, to action, in the labor to discover the newest and best methods for the supply of human necessity. As we gaze upon the pathway of the race, as it has climbed the winding staircase of progression, and find, at every stage, something new demanded, and hear the Church calling for more light, calling for a broader platform to stand on—a religion which shall appeal to the heart, we shall see, in every case, that what, that new need, going out in prayer to God and inevitably receiving its answer.

There was nothing in the past more divine than that which exists in the present. The Mahometan believes his religion to be the true one, and to him there is as much truth in it as is contained in the Mosaic Dispensation to the conception of its followers. In each is contained the same light, which is fitted for the capacities of the different receivers. We might conceive Mahomet to be as divinely inspired as Moses, leading his followers as kindly out of darkness as Moses led the wandering Israelite. The Hindoo mother who casts her child into the black waters of the Ganges, she, too, is divinely inspired. She gives her child to the beasts of the river, but the Christian mother—standing on the higher plane of intellectual development—if her child has not experienced the rite of baptism, consigns it to a grave deeper and darker than the Ganges, and a hell infinitely more terrible than the doom of the mere physical body, in the case of the Hindoo. In each the same fire is burning, only in a differing degree, diffusing its light and warmth through the mother's heart. One, in the name of her God, gives her child to the Ganges, and the other, in the name of her Jehovah, gives her child to the grave. Both are parallel cases; each stands upon the same platform, and neither can censure the other. The varied springs of action, in all humanity, are but so many links binding all in one. The man who is filled with ambition, love of distinction, is the instrument of inspiration to answer the demands of other hearts; the sentiment which leads him thus to strive in itself divine, for it is a gift from God to man. These sentiments, which take the shape of love for distinction, or longings for power, are only, after all, the results of a law divinely inherent in man's being, and, in their showing, must conform themselves to the shape of the channel through which they pass.

Confucius, five hundred and fifty-one years before Christ lived, was inspired by a want among men for a more comprehensive platform and a purer religion than then existed; and God inspired him to give to the race that broader religion which put away the old revengeful rule embodied in "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." He outlined the truth, and, after him, Christ was divinely inspired to make that religion manifest to man, by embodying its precepts and living its eternal principles, which shall exist on the book of time forever.

There is in humanity a divinity which shapes humanity; but that which is in the name of God must of necessity be inherent in the soul. The great ones who in the field of harmony have given forth heavenly song, poets and scholars who have answered the great wants of the soul, and all other achievers of good to man, have been

divinely inspired—but in proportion as they possessed the inherent power to receive. Were they any less divinely inspired because their works and their lives were among us, and subject to the limit of our conception? Would they be more so, if they stood afar off, clothed in the mythological garments of the past? The inspiration exists in the subject; and there is none outside of it, no matter what the age. The inspiration of God must have the avenues of human thought, reason and intelligence through which to make itself known to mortal senses.

The inspiration of the past strives to act upon the mind of to-day by means of mystery and darkness, rather than by appealing to the light of the living present. As we look backward in time, toward the Pagan worship, we find the state of religion but another name for slavery—slavery to the commands of the High Priest, proclaimed in the name of hand-made idols of wood and stone, but which to the worshiper's understanding were divine. The Christian world received the testimony of those who came, claiming to be divinely inspired, in the name of God; but, refuses to receive those who come in the name of a great need of humanity. Thus religion is more successful when robed in mystery; but when the time arrives in the history of man that he shall stand upon a basis from which he dares to examine all things, and shall feel himself divinely privileged to see if they are adapted to his needs, then mystery will gradually fade away, and the glory and warmth of truth will come with redeeming power. One in the bonds of the Church might find the divine inspiration in the mythological garments of the past, might feel it nearer his wants, and in its name bow before God's altar. But when a man receives the light which enables him to question the teachings of the ages; to inquire whether it is possible that the book of revelation closed years ago; whether it is possible for man to have been created and sustained on earth as recorded in the Biblical account; whether it is indeed possible to inspire one man or one generation and not another, then the veil is being torn from his spiritual vision by which the past has ignorantly or willfully separated the kingdom of light from that in which we are. When man becomes satisfied that he must be an angel here, if he would be one also on the other side of the slight veil, then, and not till then, does the present itself become a mental vision, that there is nothing in the inspiration of the past which has not repeated itself in the nineteenth century, although on its appearance in every age it is clothed in the garments which the age gives to it.

God does not shape divinity to our wants, but leaves us to feel the want and shape the cure ourselves. Jesus did not in the name of God heal the sick and minister to the needy, but in the name of the needed blessing of health; and humanity has made him God, and placed him upon the throne—one with the Father. Moses, Confucius, Christ were inspired of their duties to work out a cure for the expressed wants of their era. The inspiration of Paul, which manifested itself even to the curing of disease by his garments, was no more an inspiration than is that of Dr. Newton and the healers of to-day. Each one labored in the order of time—then in the name of the needy, and to-day in the name of the angels. God makes not his divinity sure to us—we must make it sure for ourselves; it takes to itself our needs, and from the crucible they come forth, refined gold, bearing the impress of the God within ourselves—no higher.

Where then, said the lecturer, should we seek for the source of inspiration? Everywhere! The Christian looked for it outside the world; the convict saw it outside his prison bars, but if to him some kind soul should bring a spark of love embodied in words of consolation, his soul would cry out: "Oh God! I have found thee—thou hast come unto me in the image of my brother." The wife of the inebriate, inspired by her need, praying for the spirit of sobriety in her husband, would recognize God as the spirit-inspiring man, the instrument, were any one to bring home that husband in a state of reform. Man was ever the agent of God, through whom he showed himself to the race. The Church took us away from the world, and told us to look beyond the stars for a deity. If a child thus instructed should ask its mother, "How does he rule?" she would answer, "With all his power and love." "Does he love us?" "Yes." "Why then does he suffer injustice?" "It is his will." "Do you know God?" "I have heard him in my closet; I have communed with him in prayer." That child might grow up a sinner, wholly unconscious of the presence of a deity whom it had been taught to be so far away; the mother had educated it to look beyond itself for its God; it had no inherent strength, but depended blindly upon something beyond its reach for inspiration—it had no consciousness of an image within its soul resembling its God. So the whole Christian Church had not the power to bring its religion into practice; they were reaching beyond what they could comprehend, in search of the incomprehensible—that which led them to say: "I know God, but I have him not." This feeling led to the establishment of creeds—strong walls to protect cherished opinions; but only as truths were sown broadcast over the world, could human souls be filled with eternal joy.

But some might say: "There are two classes in life—one producing a tendency to good and the other to evil, whose works conflict with one another, all along the ages. How about them?" She (the lecturer) would answer: "The same God is the creator of the victor and the vanquished; according to their capabilities for acceptance they receive their ideas, and go forth to defend them. Who inspired Parker to cleanse away creeds, and to make religion like the sunshine? He was inspired by a love to humanity—which existed there? In a mystery? Yes, one until it lives in our souls and shows itself in our works. Who inspired Garrison and Phillips in their long strug-

gles to break down the great evils of human slavery? It was the inspiration of the need of humanity for a broader liberty? Who inspired the Russian Emperor to free the serfs of his land? It was the inspiration which came to him through the instrumentality of the serfs themselves, speaking to him in thunder tones till he could no longer withstand it? Who inspired the noble soldiers who, in the late struggle, went forth to battle for freedom? They went forth in the name of God as embodied in a love for their native land! Who inspired Lincoln to raise a whole race from bondage? It was that sacred voice which speaks to the heart of all humanity, as it did to his, proclaiming the universal brotherhood of man! To all these were given divine inspirations, differing as to the light in which they were viewed; some claiming them to be in the name of God and mystery, and others in the name of the needs of humanity—one declaring them beyond the reach of mankind—the other perceiving in them but rays of the universal light of divinity.

Now, which was the most effectual, mystery or light? Wherever theologic darkness and bigotry exist there is a moral disease which must be removed. The religious ideas of the race have sprung from the East and journeyed through the earth; but as they journeyed they have grown by their march, till, to-day, divinity does not belong alone to the yonder—the far-away, but is with us one and all—the divinity of the past living among us yet. The child in the Sabbath schools of theology is in a temple where there is now and then a window; not looking for God in the broad heavens above. The Pagan looks to the stars for his God, and Moses typified him in the candles he put in his candlesticks, and to-day children are again led to look up to the stars for God. Why not teach the child to see him on earth; in the waving grain, the budding rose; to behold him through all the grades of life, because writing himself upon every feature of animal creation, and every living thing? Why not teach the child the truth that the human soul is the grand reception-room of God's love?

The inspiration of the past and present are akin; one is the mother of the other. Pagan inspiration was the mother of our own. Up the shining ladder of growth these truths have ascended, until, to-day, the multitude recognize in their hearts, whether they dare own it or not, that God is still inspiring men to love one another, to labor, the higher for the lower—each divine in his mission—not in his name, but in the great name of brotherly love!

Written for the Banner of Light.

WAVE-VOICES.

NO. 2.—WHAT NEWS?

BY LITA DARNEY BAYLES.

Spirits of the ocean and spirits of the sea, I come to my resting-place; Gather ye round in my sweet solitude, Gather ye every one! Come from the East, from the Orient lands, From the North, from the unexplored sea, The South and the West, to greet me, your guest, At the long-promised trysting with me! And whisper me what, since the day that we met, Ye have done in each special domain, And tell me the tales of disaster or speed, All the news from the North, the South, the West, Oh, voice from the North, hath thy great, open sea Grown broader in summer's warm reign? Have all thy huge bergs floated outwards from thee, And melted to ocean again? And so thou hast smiled on the wanderer there, Nor gulphed him within thy dark zone; But bidden him gather of wondrous lore, And show us the South have near fairy-like tales Of treasure beyond the blue main, Of ships that have sailed to those ports in their glee, And back to their loved ones again. Ye are singing to-day such a gladsome refrain— No wail of the dying or dead, That joyfully welcome your beautiful cheer, The influence round me you should, And when once again you may gather around The stone of the trysting with me, Pray heaven that ye chant the same beautiful songs That to-day ye are singing to me. Ocean Beach, Watch Hill.

The Supposed Rotundity of the Ocean.

A writer in the Banner of Light of January 23d, over the signature of Y. S., presents some singular views respecting what he calls the "supposed rotundity of the ocean." The spherical shape of our planet is as much a matter of certainty as the rotundity of the sun and moon. The fact of the disappearance from the view of low objects on the ocean before higher ones are lost sight of, is only one of several confirmations of it. The diameter being known, its sphericity has easily been calculated, and this has been found to agree exactly with repeated observations. If the theory of Y. S. were true, then the mirage referred to by him would prevent the mathematical calculation from agreeing with actual instrumental tests. If Y. S. has never witnessed an actual mirage, he has yet to see one of the most interesting of Nature's freaks, so to speak. On the dry plains of South America, the thirsty traveler frequently sees in the distance beautiful lakes of water, which as he approaches disappear, leaving nothing but the parched ground in view. This deception is caused by the radiation of heat from the earth, creating a different temperature and a different degree of moisture in the stratum of air nearest the earth, and transforming the adjoining stratum of air into a temporary mirror, which has the exact appearance of water. It is very difficult for any one viewing this phenomenon for the first time to be convinced that there is no water in sight. Y. S. claims "the privilege of his own opinion," to which, of course, he has the right by discovery, and his opinion is, that the rotundity of the earth "does not exceed about one foot in a thousand miles." Now Y. S. can disprove this, to his own satisfaction, by describing a circle with a radius representing, say, four thousand miles. Let him take a string or a stick, say four feet long, and describe a circle, or an arc of a circle, and lay off one foot on the circle, (which on that scale would equal his one thousand miles), and he will find that instead of one foot it will be more than sixty miles in the thousand miles. If Y. S. will reflect, he cannot fail to perceive that a tangent anywhere on the earth would meet a line at right angles to it half the diameter of the earth distant, at exactly half the earth's diameter in height. It would be about four thousand miles in height. Accurate leveling shows that the rotundity of the earth, for the first mile, is about eight inches, or more accurately, 7.92 inches. If Y. S. has "a theory of ocean tides" resting on the erroneous idea that the rotundity of the earth is no more than he has assumed, it can hardly be sound. X. Y.

A student of the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum places the date of Abraham at 2300 before Christ, nearly four hundred years earlier than Fisher's chronology. Other chronologists have placed it at various periods ranging from the sixteenth up to the twenty-ninth century before Christ.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Oregon—Development of Physical Media.

"Take the wings of morning, and the Barcan Desert pierce; Or lose thyself in the continuous waves, where rolls the Oregon, And hears no sound, save its own dashings—yet the dead are there."

Yes, dear Banner, that is true; the dead are here. Yet it is not necessary that the physical body should die and be placed in the silent tomb to be dead. Many are dead "in the midst of life," and some die daily, and others live a constant death, and many more are dead to the great, living truths around them.

I was forcibly reminded of this fact last evening. I went to a learned gentleman, of this city, a physician, an M. D., and, I believe, a D. D.—at any rate he frequently occupies the "sacred desk"—and who, by the way, is a man of considerable independence of character, one who speaks out against many of the evils of the day, and sometimes breaks the crust of old theology. I went to this gentleman, and proposed to give him an opportunity to investigate the phenomenon of spiritual manifestations. I proposed to demonstrate to him the presence of spiritual beings. His reply was, "I investigated that subject fifteen years ago, and know all about it." Ignoring the great fact that fifteen years has wrought out the problem—has demonstrated to the world "that if a man die he shall live again"—that fifteen years ago, on a slight investigation, he had abandoned a subject, rejected and cast aside a principle that is the crowning glory of the nineteenth century, surely, I say, the dead are here. How this, apparently good man can be so dead to a subject of so vast importance to the world, is unaccountable.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of your valuable paper to learn that our spirit-friends have not forgotten us nor neglected us, even if we are beyond the boundary of civilization; that even where two or three are met together, there they are in the midst, ever ready to declare, So I am with you always, even unto the end. Within the last year many mediums have been developed here in Oregon. I could not, if I would, give an account of all the various manifestations we have had, but, at this time, I will give a short account of only one that has come under my observation.

It is the case of a young lady living in our family. She is about seventeen years of age, of rather a delicate constitution, yet enjoying tolerable good health. When she sits down at a table it will commence tipping, and frequently raps are heard. These will finally subside, when her right hand becomes very cold (she says it seems as if a wet, hot bandage was being tied around her arm, just above the elbow). She soon loses entire control of the hand and arm; or otherwise she is in a perfectly normal condition, and can converse as usual. This hand then commences to write, announcing the name of the spirit controlling. At this juncture we usually blindfold the medium and ask our questions by writing them out, and, in no instance, has the hand ever failed to answer correctly every question asked, or given good reasons why it could not do so. It can tell what time it is, by the watch, to a second. Spirits have informed us how they control the hand of the medium, and have given us many lessons of instruction in reference to spirit-control and spiritual communication. They execute drawings in three colors of ink, never blending the one with the other, although they sometimes use one color awhile and then change to another, as if they were down at random, pick them up again, dip them in the right inkstand and return to any part of the drawing without making a mistake. At any sitting they will give from ten to twenty tests, proving that they are spirits; and all the time the medium remains in a natural condition. The hand will even debate with her. I believe there is no one who has witnessed these manifestations but what has become convinced that our spirit-friends are forever with us, the spirits themselves proving their presence. Believing that a glorious future is in store for us, and that the day is not far distant when "all shall know the Lord, from the least even to the greatest," I remain, Yours truly, C. A. REED.

A Wonderful Spirit Test.

In the town of L— there lives a woman who has made a good deal of fun of Spiritualism, having a good time, generally, at the expense of Spiritualists. Her name begins with the letter W—, well, no matter what letter, only rest assured that it begins with a capital letter. She is a woman of position and influence, and is in the habit of entertaining her friends with such choice remarks as follows: "All Spiritualists are free lovers. Mediums are humbugs; they can't tell me anything. Why can't I get a test? They are a very low people, etc." Well, in due time, we were called to speak in L—. Our first lecture created considerable excitement; our second filled the house. On the next day many called to see us; among others, madam came also, and with her came the wife of her husband, and said to us, "Warn my spirit of the danger she is in." We arose, went to her and said, "Madam, your husband, now in spirit-life, is with you; his name is —, and says you are holding a correspondence with a man in the city of —." We then described him, "He is sick, and has not answered your two last letters. Your letters to him have fallen into the hands of his wife, and you will hear from them soon. You have determined to appropriate this man to yourself. You had better beware! Let letter writing to other women's husbands alone." "What do you mean, sir?" she asked in great excitement. "Just what we have stated," and then the spirit husband said, "There is a letter in the office for you. It came this morning. Go and get it, and it will explain all. It is from —." She started at once for the office. In a few moments she returned, pale and trembling, exclaiming, "What shall I do? This will ruin me." "You have the letter?" I asked. "Yes, yes! I am lost! I am!" "Will you let us see it?" She put it into my hands; it read, in substance, as follows: December, 18—, Madam: William is very sick, perhaps dying, and his heart-broken wife is watching by his bedside. He has confessed all. You will fully understand what, you will, on the receipt of this, forward all letters in your possession received from him, by you, to his heart-broken and sorrowing wife, and save yourself a shameful exposure. Address them to Mr. —, No. 10 T— street, city. I am, madam, respectfully yours, J. R. P., Attorney.

S— V— you will meet Mr. J. R. P., Attorney, at D—, on the — of December. Well, on the day mentioned we were in D— at breakfast. When we paid our bill there came to the desk a man who inquired for a letter for Mr. — of this city, saying, "Mr. — is very sick, and not likely to get well." "I have none," said the landlord, "but forwarded to him several letters, some days ago, on the order of J. R. P., Attorney, for Mrs. —." "Those he received," said the man, as he turned away from the desk.

We then touched him on the shoulder and whispered a word of peculiar meaning into his ear. He started, exclaiming, "Who are you?" We answered, "Your master, the Devil, whom you served more than the God you profess to love. Write no more threats to Mrs. —, of —, from this city, as Attorney for Mrs. —, on your name is J. R. P., and there we met on your name, and parted on the square."

Here let us say to the scoffers of Spiritualism, you have a case. There is a reporter among you taking notes, and he will print them, too. Some pious souls may take exceptions to the letter dictated by the spirits, saying Mrs. — from exposure. To all such we can only say, read the following, from Jesus: "And he said unto his disciples, There was a certain rich man which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods. And he called him, and said unto him, How is it that I hear thee do these things? give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward. Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship; I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed. I am resolved what to do, that when I am put out of the stewardship they may receive me into their houses. So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord? And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty. Then to another he said, And how much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore. And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. And I say unto you, Make yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

Note: Every communication in this department are facts, say many names and dates, and, when given in public audiances, many of them are, then names and dates are given.—E. V. Wilson, in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Written for the Banner of Light. A WIFE'S HOPE. BY LETA LINWOOD.

I see him again, dear mother, Across on the other side; He is anxiously waiting and watching For his long expected bride. Oh, how dark was the morning Bright angels stopped at our door, And bore him away—my darling— To his bright and beautiful shore. They said he was not a Christian; "Although his morals were good, No church had heard his confession— And you know, my child, it should!" My heart it was almost breaking— Not a single gleam of light— For my darling, idolized husband, They doomed to an endless night! Talk not to me, for I've seen him; He comes to me every day, And he gives me strength and courage. To go on my upward way, And when, with my labor finished, I sink on my paring bed, And you weep and murmur faintly Because I, too, am dead, Oh mother, my darling mother! Just waiting at the door, He will be—my angel husband— With angels many more! He will greet my rising spirit, And we'll roam together hand in hand, And we'll roam together and ever, In the golden "Summer-land." Covington, Penn.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ABOUT HEALTH.

Why is it that the subject of health does not receive more attention at the hands of those engaged in the good work of endeavoring to elevate and improve mankind? Do they not know that one great reason why they have not succeeded better hitherto is because they have almost altogether overlooked the fact that the great mass of the people have bodies that need to be saved, as well as souls? So long as a man is degrading and debasing his body by a violation of the laws of health, either knowingly or through ignorance, it is impossible to do much for his soul. This principle is understood as far as applicable to one vice (and only one). If a man is a drunkard, everybody knows that the first step toward elevating him is to induce him to stop drinking that which intoxicates, and that then there is hope for his advancement in other respects. But if people are killing themselves by inches, if they keep themselves in a constant state of fretfulness and ill humor by eating too much, or something that is too exciting for their peculiar temperament, scarce one in a thousand knows how to apply the true remedy, viz: eating less, or food of a different quality. They think they need prayer, or medicine, or good resolutions, &c.

And, again, if married people are ruining their health, both mental and physical, and entailing upon their children delicate, sickly constitutions, strongly predisposed to licentiousness, no one thinks of commencing their reformation at this the central root of all their sorrows. No word of warning escapes the lips of the many thousands of men who consider themselves as standing upon the "watch-towers of Zion" by divine right, and for the special purpose of watching over and warning the people of dangers ahead. And yet there is no doubt this is the cause of the lack of growth in purity and true religion of more married people—both professors and non-professors of religion—than any other cause that can be named. Among Spiritualists there are a few who are not afraid to tell the whole, plain truth upon this important subject. Henry C. Wright is one of them. His little book, called the "Unwelcome Child," is worth its weight in gold to every young man, every young woman and every married person that will read it. The Banner of Light is the only paper, so far as I know, that dares to publish an article that goes to the root of the real evils of society. When people are instructed in regard to the laws that govern the reproduction of offspring, and when they learn the great truth that the proper way to commence the work of regeneration is by generation, then, and not till then, will they begin to make rapid progress in all that elevates and ennobles.

A distinguished American clergyman once said, "If a man is only well born the first time, there will not be much difficulty about his second birth." That traits of character, disposition to virtue, or the reverse, predisposition to modes of thought, to employment, a tendency to excess or to temperance, in one or all the natural propensities, are engrained upon the child in its ante-natal life, is just as well established as the fact that parents leave the impress of their personal appearance upon their children. The old saying, that "like produces like," is just as applicable to children, in their morals and minds, as to corn or potatoes. J. W. MOORE.

MASSACHUSETTS. SEMI-ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

HELD IN THE MELANCON HALL, TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JAN. 20th and 21st, 1869. Reported for the Banner of Light.

Thursday Morning Session.—Convention called to order by the President, Dr. Robert Sherman, then gave some account of his experience as a laborer in the field of reform. He had been interested in the cause for twenty years. In connection with the Boston Spiritualist Association was slowly gaining its way in that city, despite of the sixteen churches there.

Dr. Gardner then read a resolution concerning the American Association and its effect upon the Spiritualist cause. On motion, voted to refer to the Committee on Resolutions, and made the special subject of debate in the afternoon.

Dr. H. B. Storrs presented the following resolution, and moved its adoption: "That the members of this Association be and are hereby tendered to Bro. G. A. Bacon, for the very faithful services he has performed during his term of office as our Corresponding Secretary. Dr. Gardner heartily seconded the motion. Remarks in connection with the motion were made by Bro. G. A. Bacon, and were warmly endorsed by the President, Mr. White, after which the vote of thanks was passed unanimously.

Dr. Gardner offered a few remarks upon the duty of Spiritualists to assist in the progressive development of those who had passed on from earth in a benighted, or what was called "evil" condition, and said that these unfortunate spirits in their search for light and peace. George A. Bacon, from the Committee on Resolutions, then read the following: "Resolved, Believing that the present existing illiberal and dogmatic church organizations are sustained by those whose minds have been trained and warped by Sabbath schools to such an extent that it is extremely difficult, on reaching maturity, to overcome the teachings of early childhood and youth, and realizing that 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined' it is

(1) Resolved, That we recognize the great necessity of providing our children—who are to be the future workers in the cause of progress—with suitable physical, mental and moral training, long and free from the influence of sectarian views as may seem consistent with their judgment, after reaching an age when they are competent to reason upon religious subjects. (2) Resolved, That we recommend the Spiritualists of Massachusetts to organize separate Lyceums and to labor earnestly to make them attractive and instructive, and thereby keep the children from the dwarfing influences of Orthodox theology. (3) Resolved, That the Convention of this Society, held at Worcester, Nov. 12th, 1868, was not one of the legal meetings provided for by its Constitution; therefore, (4) Resolved, That the address of our President, Wm. White, Esq., delivered on that occasion, be adopted and entered upon our records. (5) Resolved, That we disapprove of the action taken by the Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Rochester, in August, last, in forming an American Association for the purposes set forth in the Constitution then adopted: 1st, Because the same was not contemplated by the Local and State Societies or the Associations there represented. 2d, Because it takes from the State Associations the legitimate work of such Associations, or materially interferes with the State Societies as conducted by the State Societies. 3d, Because it diverts the limited pecuniary means from the channels in which the greatest good can be accomplished. 4th, Because it divorces the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement from the parent societies, and creates an antagonism of interest where there should be the closest union of effort. 5th, Because the Association, as formed, tends to the centralization of the immense power of the great Spiritualistic movement of this age into the hands of a few. 6th, Because a National Association should be constituted of delegates truly appointed by State Organizations, and should not be controlled by the representatives of the Local and State Societies or the Associations there represented. 7th, Because we believe that ALL the money that can be raised can be used to greater advantage than for the specified objects of the American Association. The first, second and third resolutions were adopted without dissent. The resolution on the American Association called for a brisk debate.

Dr. Gardner said that only a few of the objections against the American Association were presented in the resolution. He objected to the action of the Fifth National Convention, because it was not authorized by the societies, and the delegates who were present were not properly appointed. He thought that the money that could be spared in Massachusetts should be applied to the sustenance of our State Association. He objected to the National Association, because it diverted the Children's Lyceum cause from the National Convention. In this respect he was the same as the outcropping of that Secret Order, which, having its home in Pennsylvania, sought to get a sort of leopards upon the minds of parents through their children, and that govern the great power which was springing up in the world. He objected, because the Association, as formed, tended to a centralization of power in the hands of a few. According to its constitution, five members of the Executive Committee were to be chosen, and the members of that Committee? Among others were Col. Fox, Dr. Child, M. B. Dyott and Warren Chase. Now he did not desire to give those men a power which he was unwilling should be trusted with himself. He objected to the American Association, because it was not authorized by the societies, and the delegates who were present were not properly appointed. He thought that the money that could be spared in Massachusetts should be applied to the sustenance of our State Association. He objected to the National Association, because it diverted the Children's Lyceum cause from the National Convention. In this respect he was the same as the outcropping of that Secret Order, which, having its home in Pennsylvania, sought to get a sort of leopards upon the minds of parents through their children, and that govern the great power which was springing up in the world. 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J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Banner of Light is issued and on every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC H. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS H. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Afraid of his Shadow.

The editor of the Worcester Gazette has apparently been passing through a series of "compulsion fits" over a recent discourse in that city by Prof. Denton, a full recovery from which we sincerely hope may prove a double advantage. He must be one of those persons of whom we had something to say of late, who are afraid to hear the truth, for fear of unsettling their long imbedded prejudices and habits of faith. Prof. Denton's subject was "The Rule of Right"—an excellent theme to make an excellent discourse on, which we have no doubt the speaker did. The animus of the critic may be understood by quoting a single sentence at the very threshold of his remarks: "We are not disposed, by frequent notice of them, to magnify the utterances of this gentleman on his favorite and peculiar themes." The editor laments, however, in a strain as low as any of Jeremiah's, that, in a city of the size of Worcester, some "two or three thousand inhabitants, male and female," should assemble on the evening of "that day" (Sunday) which gets its authority from the Bible, and is consecrated, not alone by association with that record of holy thought and word and deed, but "with all that is highest and best in human experience," and should find "peculiar satisfaction in hearing the ribald abuse of irreverent skepticism regarding that Bible."

The editor evidently has borrowed the quill of some Orthodox minister. No such style as the above runs from the practical pen of a journalist who is even with the moving and living things of the age. He speaks dolefully of "unsettling the faith" of his hearers; but if they chose voluntarily to go and hear a discourse full of "ribald abuse" of the Bible, manifestly they did not have a great deal of faith to part with. He alludes to "the great varieties on an acceptance of whose authority the very safety and perpetuity of society depend," and thinks it the solemn duty of the press to "warn the people" and "exhort them to careful and deliberate consideration," in view of public discourses which they attend upon only to "hear the ribald abuse of irreverent skepticism." There is a "power" of pure canting in this, employed in the interest of the clergy and their ecclesiastical establishments. But the stunning series of canting sentences which follow, we will not attempt to make room for; as the writer wishes to say as little as possible of Prof. Denton's actual discourse, so shall we give as small publicity as we can to any such high-flying rhetoric on the theme of Christianity as this writer is too evidently satisfied with having compassed. But in claiming for the prescribed church faith a harmony with the wonderful discoveries of science during this century, as if, for instance, the literal belief in the Mosiac story was in any sense compatible with the plain revelations of Geology—the writer asserts what is not true in the gross nor in any particular, and seeks to make out a case against Prof. Denton by using weapons which Prof. Denton employs with the greatest effect against him.

What he says, however, in praise of the "Bible," as if he had somehow absorbed all its virtues and "skeptics" knew absolutely nothing of the same, he says without fully understanding his words. As for setting up a collected body of Scriptures as an object of worship, Protestantism began with scouting the very idea. Free interpretation, according to every man's conscience, is the rule of Protestantism. If it had any individual meaning and character in its establishment, it was that each had the right to read and interpret the Scriptures for himself. Was the worship of saints, images and tokens denounced, only that a book might be set up in their place? or the Pope abandoned that the Priest might supplant him? If virtue is virtue, is it of no account except when found described and depicted in the Bible? There is a great deal of cheating in this business. If purity, and truth, and virtue, and goodness, are the things really sought, then are they not to be taken wherever found and wherever presented, and duly made the most of? Does the Bible prescribe any "rule of right" at variance with the eternal principles that lie underneath these qualities? And if it does, is it not about time to question the authority of writings that are set up in opposition to these "eternal verities"? Will the Worcester Gazette have the Bible before these, or these before the Bible, supposing it to be forced to a choice?

When it assumes to talk of those few and simple rules of charity, of humility, of trust, of forgiveness and of love, which are the essence of Christianity, and to recommend them to all as the true standard of conduct—there is no difference between us; and we undertake to say, none between that sanctimonious critic and the discussor whom he criticizes. The difference does not lie there, but at the point where the critic would use these high and deep principles of Christianity to turn an ecclesiastical wheel. And all this canting and plodding moralizing is for no other purpose than to magnify church power at the expense of the reason and the conscience. Orthodoxy would cripple and restrain these just as rigidly as Papal authority ever did it before the creed of Protestantism became known.

The Other Side.

We observe that a Mr. E. P. McCreary, who was for two years a prisoner among the Comanche Indians, has been offering a petition in the Rhode Island Legislature, praying that "in view of the recent report of Col. Evans, of the destruction of a Comanche village, and of the consequent suffering thereby entailed," the Legislature would instruct the Senators and Representatives from that State in Congress, "to inaugurate a more Christian policy toward our native Indians." Now if this is the feeling of a man who passed two long years in captivity by an Indian tribe, it strikes us that there are at least two sides to a matter which is just now being made out as having but one. Here is a prisoner, just released, who prays for a Christian policy toward his captors. There is yet room for debate on a question that interested parties cannot suddenly close.

Banner of Light Seances.

[See Sixth Page.]

Nor. 10th, 1868.—The invocation on this occasion was full of earnest meaning. The spirit returned thanks for the existence of such men as Phillips, Garrison and Bright, who dared to publicly speak of wickedness in high places.

Among the Questions and Answers, one answer requires special notice. It is this: The spirit stated positively that there were between twelve and thirteen millions of Spiritualists in the United States, although many of them dare not admit their belief to their friends. The answer was in reply to the statement in the dailies that Andrew Jackson Davis had given it as his opinion that there were but four million two hundred and thirty thousand of this persuasion. (Other important questions were answered.)

Henry Jewell, who said he was born in Salisbury, Mass., and died in Savannah, Ga., at the age of seventy-eight, returns for the purpose of communicating with his sons, Thomas and Stephen. He discussed the late civil war—talked plainly; said the negro was not half liberated; that Massachusetts and other Northern States gave the South a bad legacy when they handed over their slaves to her, etc.

Susie C. McDonald, of Scotch descent, aged seventeen, was the next spirit who manifested. She believed in Spiritualism, she said, and was in the habit of reading the Banner of Light, Mr. Davis's works, and other spiritual publications; and she told her friends that if perchance she should find it true, when she passed on, she should return in such an unmistakable manner that they could not doubt. If such conversation did actually take place, will the friends alluded to post us up?

James Clary next reported himself as going to California, enlisting under Col. Baker, and getting shot. He wants to get a communication to Taunton, Mass. He showed marked characteristics while speaking, enough in our opinion to have fully identified him, had any one been present who knew him in the form.

Nor. 12th.—This seance opened with a beautiful invocation, after which the usual questions were put, and spirit answers given. The answer in reply to an article in the Christian Repository, which article was read by the Chairman, elicited marked attention. It will be found reported verbatim in this issue, as well as other interesting questions and answers.

Maria Elton Perry next controlled the medium. Said she was born in Chelsea, Vt., and died in Philadelphia fourteen years ago—age 26 years. The history she gave of herself was a curious one. Will some of our friends hunt up this case, and forward any information they may obtain? The lady was undoubtedly a medium. Her statements conclusively prove this. She earnestly implored her friends to gain wisdom now in the Spiritual Philosophy, as, from her standpoint, she could clearly see that it would be of vast use to them in the great hereafter.

Jared Ellis, Titusville, Penn., says he is desirous of communicating with his wife and brother. He informed us that he had been "dead" a little over four months; that is, had changed worlds. The last spirit who manifested at this seance was Hiram Marble. He seemed to be perfectly satisfied with his new abode, and was still firm in the belief that he was not mistaken in the course he pursued during the latter part of his life here, although many Spiritualists and others thought he was. He says a wiser power than himself impelled him on, as will be fully demonstrated in the coming time.

The True Justice.

The French courts have struck the marrow at last. Hitherto, when a betrayed and unhappy girl is driven by want and madness to destroy the fruit of a passion not regarded as legitimate except under the numery of statute and priest, she has been roughly laid hold of by the public authorities and handed over to as speedy a punishment as could be meted out to her. In all such cases, only the unfortunate girl becomes the object of condemnation and punishment. The Hester Vaughn tragedy led certain persons, who make it their vocation, to look more closely into the modes of dispensing justice, and with a result not altogether expected even by all who took a willing part in the same. The poor girl's pertinacious determination not to reveal the name of her betrayer, by whose direct agency she had been brought into her state of woe, only excited a profounder sympathy for her situation, while it likewise provoked many sharp inquiries as to the right of the guilty partner to screen himself from his just share of the consequences. Possibly a few such glaring instances of injustice will avail at last to direct popular attention to this most important point, and we may then get at something like an equal distribution of a penalty which one person, and she always the most helpless, is forced to bear alone.

A case has recently occurred in France that pretty well illustrates the observations above made to our readers. A young girl went from a distance to live in the family of a married man, a manufacturer of embroidery. After a time, her friends suspected a criminal intimacy between the man and herself—and endeavored to procure her removal. She stoutly denied the charge, however, and insisted on continuing where she was. Time passed on, and circumstances gave their suspicions the character of facts. She appeared evasive, and then suddenly the symptoms disappeared. The case came to the notice of the authorities, and the girl was taken in hand. But, be it noticed, not the girl alone. The partner of her guilt was arrested along with her, and both were held for trial. The case duly came on, and the evidence brought about a conviction. But it was not such a conviction as we are accustomed to in this country. The girl was acquitted—but the man was found guilty. She went free; he was sent to prison for the term of ten years, to be devoted to hard labor! There is the difference between justice in one country and in another.

Now let our laws be so amended, obediently to the spirit of reform which is abroad, that in every such case the girl goes free and the man gets the punishment—or at least so that the man shall share in the penalty which he would cowardly bring down on her head, and we shall have reached a stage of progress in a most important matter. It is shockingly wrong that so unequal a measure of punishment should be meted out on the party which is the defenseless one.

Mining.

The New York Tribune prints an account of Mines and Mining in the "Washoe" or Carson River portion of California, (geographically a part of Nevada,) prepared by Mr. J. Winchester, a persistent and energetic miner in different parts of the Pacific region. It embodies more precise and pertinent information with regard to mines and mining in that quarter than we ever before met with in so narrow a compass. We sincerely hope that Mr. W.'s sanguine expectations of speedy and ample returns to the miners of his section (himself included) will be realized.

Lycium Entertainment.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 3d, 1869, the First Children's Progressive Lycium, of Boston, gave their third entertainment for the current season, at Mercantile Hall, Summer street. Despite the severe storm the house was well filled, and appearances indicated that with a pleasant evening the hall would have been crowded to excess. The previous reputation of this Lycium for presenting and carrying out a good programme of exercises was fully sustained on this occasion.

The performances commenced with instrumental music by the orchestra, followed by the farce of "The Spectro Bridegroom," under the auspices of the Literary Club connected with the Lycium. The characters were represented by Messrs. T. M. Hawley, W. L. Lovejoy, C. W. Sullivan, J. M. Choate, G. H. Woods and J. Griffin, and Misses Lizzie M. Ford and Hattie L. Teel. Then followed a song, "Dreaming of Home and Mother," by Misses Ella Whitney and Annie Cayvan and Messrs. W. L. Lovejoy and G. H. Woods. Charles W. Sullivan and Miss M. A. Saurborn sang "Matrimonial Sweeties," and, on being encored, "Mr. and Mrs. Sullbiss." A series of musical tableaux, entitled "Father, Come Home," was then presented, in which Misses A. L. Davenport and L. M. Ford and Messrs. J. Choate, J. Hartwell and W. L. Lovejoy took part, assisted by an "invisible choir." Arthur Hodges danced a hornpipe, in costume, which was encored, after which the orchestra favored the audience with various selections. "The Hunter's Daughter" (puppet opera by Prof. J. W. Turner) followed; the characters being sustained by Messrs. C. W. Sullivan, J. Walcott, H. O. Harrington, A. Morton, Misses M. A. Saurborn, E. J. Orentt and Mrs. E. Manson.

The performances of the evening concluded by a grand target march, with recitations and tableaux, in which the various groups were represented by their targets, and each bearer recited verses appropriate to the name of the group. The participants in this exercise were Misses A. Manson, N. Chubbuck, M. Pearson, A. Davenport, E. Quayle, C. Stone, G. Blackmar, H. Melville, G. Cayvan, N. Chittenden, E. Newhall, L. Warren, L. Chubbuck, E. Thomas, A. Carey. The recitations and march closed by the song "Our Lycium, 'tis of thee," by the entire company.

The Committee of Arrangements on this occasion consisted of D. N. Ford, Conductor, Miss M. A. Saurborn, Guardian, Miss M. F. Haynes, Assistant Guardian, Mr. G. W. Metcalf, Musical Director, Miss E. Fessenden, Assistant Musical Director. Scenery by Josiah Walcott.

Everything passed off finely, and we congratulate our Lycium friends upon their success, as far as the satisfaction of the audience was concerned, which was manifested in frequent applause.

This Lycium is to give a Grand Masquerade at Nassau Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 11th. Those desirous of attending will find subscription lists in the hands of D. N. Ford, Miss M. A. Saurborn, 66 Carver street, M. T. Dole, Charleston, and Hattie Tool, Cambridgeport. Music, Hall's full quadrille band.

FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. THEODORE PARKER.

BY E. R. PLACE.

[From a manuscript poem, entitled, "The Gospel of Nature."]

A few who fill the preacher's place of power, Hear sweet-voiced Nature singing in her bowers, Calling her children to the fount of truth, Where rise the springs of everlasting youth; A gospel preach for all our human needs, As rich with nature as the earth with seeds. I knew one such. By narrow sect uncrampt, His noble brow with regal thought was stamp't, A slow endowment of high learning's part Was rivaled only by his wealth of heart. What foe of man escaped that searching eye? Where crept the liberty, he raised the warning cry. The bold appeal for doom for all, That rolled in power through Muste's ample Hall, In widening circles thrifled the Northern air, For slavery's onset teaching to prepare, All cant and sham, though in religion veiled, With downright sense, heroic, he assailed. The Father's love for all His love hath made, Ran through his speech like waters through a glade. At times, like some serene prophet of the past, For truth he smote, a stern Iconoclast; By times, again, as human wreck or woe, Through tearful eyes his weeping heart would show. Of perfect parts, by perfect Maker blended, For perfect use, and perfect ends intended, Man was reared, in what he could and would, As well the glory where to-day he stood. The Father-Mother of the race had chafed All souls to His; so heavenly heights are gained. The poor he sought in all the gloomy passes, And warned the rich to heed the "dangerous classes." To patriot exile, hunted, or oppressed, His heart gave greeting and his couch gave rest. How oft, beneath the plying moon and stars, With soul all terror, and with back all tears, Gilding so shyly through the evening glow, Past priest and church, the high man's blessing room, The hunted slave slipped through the opening door, And found, awhile, the chancing hermit's care. What then his sin, whose heart as Christy burned? Certain old dogmas of the Church he spurned! Jesus he loved, as all-excelling friend, Thought of the race, did yet the race transcend; And showed how fair the human soul may grow, What loftier heights our legging feet may know. Yet nothing know-he of the "cross," save when it led in works to bless our fellow-men; For less he held all Scripture, Old or New, Than the deep soul, where older Scriptures grew. Yet his faith divinely strong and grand; As sire the child, God held his trusting hand; No noise without, no howling storm of sin, Could drown the Father's cheering voice within. The mighty fields of Nature and of man, His faith baptized as all-perfection's plan: While we with trembling barely hoped the best, In "Absolute Good" his trustful soul found rest. With reverent mind he saw the Father's face In fields and flowers, as in our budding race; And they who drank communion in his prayer, Whose tones of joy moved sweetly on the air, Flew a warm current of supernal life, Felt through their hearts, and hush his angry strife. And this the man whom sectaries prayed their God Eclipse with madness, or the grave's cold sod!

"At Burlington, Wisconsin, there is now lying in a trance a young girl fourteen years of age. She told her parents she was going to sleep, and that they must not bury her, as she should be dead. Then she apparently died, but since that time, for nineteen days, she has been in this state of trance, in her coffin. No trace of life can be discovered about her, only that there is no sign of decay, and only a sinking away of the cheeks, as there might be in any case from so long an abstinence from food. The case is attracting much attention."—Exchange.

Superstition will drive common sense out of one about as quick as any malady we know of. The above is a clear case of possession. The subject needed the same tender care and protection that any good parent would, naturally bestow on a child who required more than ordinary attention. How stupid and inhuman to put her in a coffin, and probably in a cold room! Life not being extinct—as there are no signs of decay—the body should be kept in a comfortably warm place till its own spirit can again resume its place and reanimate the functions of the body.

Labor Reform Convention.

The proceedings of this Convention, recently assembled in this city, were of marked interest, and were given wide publicity through the daily journals. Among the speakers were Mrs. Daniels, Mr. John Wetherbee, Prof. Denton and Wendell Phillips. It was claimed by one of the speakers that the same principle underlies chattel slavery and the present system of labor. Prof. Denton remarked that the negro had been made free, an advance had been made in theology, and now it is time to give justice to the laboring man; and justice meant more rest, recreation, culture. It also meant that the laboring men should have a larger portion of the products of their work. Politics, he thought, could not help the labor reform, except by preventing its enemies from doing it harm. The laboring man wanted more for what he did, and his hours of labor should be shortened. Any system that enabled one man to live at the expense of another man's labor, was a false system; and the time is coming when all will be obliged to labor, be they possessed of wealth or not. The time is also coming when the taking of interest for the use of money would be regarded as a crime. Every one who takes from society anything for which he does not render an equivalent, is a thief. Mr. Wendell Phillips coincided fully with the views of Prof. Denton, but he regarded the labor question as one wholly practical, and therefore sought to harmonize the interests of capital and labor in the easiest way. But the burden of the whole talk was, that labor ought as speedily as possible to receive a fair equivalent for its invaluable services to society.

The Journalist Profession.

We have broken down the old limit of the "three learned professions," and instituted several more, of which journalism is neither the last nor the least important. Not every man can write up the columns of a first-class paper, any more than a woman can by nature drive a chaise or throw a stone at a pig. Training is of prime necessity in coming to this calling. And upon that must be laid a mass of varied information, accessible at all times for argument, illustration and enforcement. Then whatever the journalist's matter may be, he should become the master of a popular and easy style, capable of bearing weighty thoughts on its bosom, yet as flexible as floss and as nimble as Ariel himself in his graceful talk. Not every frigate lawyer could make a first-class journalist; and not every person who can write an avowedly "able article" is generally adapted for the versatile and never-ending labor which presses on the journalist's time and hands. And the more the work, the more brisk and bright he must needs grow under it. Readers generally give small thought to what they actually demand of the class who instruct and entertain them in their favorite journals. Yet there is a vast amount of work performed on their behalf with incessant patience, and qualifications are required in those who perform it such as go with very few of the other professions.

The Ritual Movement.

Ritualism is coming out strong and doing its best. An English writer, in the last Atlantic, discusses its aspects and tendencies at home, and surprises us with his details of the system, as it becomes ramified through society. In one respect it has begun right, and precisely where Ignatius Loyola did, in the matter of simplicity of life and practice among the priests. The societies that are bottomed on the movement aim at a wide variety of improvement for the people, not leaving out of view the cause and comfort of the working man. We have, of late, read a number of letters in our leading journals from England, all agreeing in the statement that the English Church is threatened with a fearful convulsion by its agency. Whether it will carry its subscribers at last over to the Church of Rome, or come out, as threatened now, from the English Church, and set up an independent establishment, is a question that exercises many minds. There is really danger, however, of the disruption of the Church Establishment. Ritualism makes very strong friends where it makes any. It is, beside, a pleasant half-way house between Episcopacy and Rome. Then it appeals to the imagination, and to those various faculties of the human mind which delight to be approached in this sensuous and emotional manner.

Music Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels closed a successful engagement at Music Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, January 31st. A very good audience was in attendance, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather. Her subject, as on the two previous occasions, was "Clairvoyance," or clear wishing or thinking. She closed with a beautiful inspirational poem entitled "Immortality," which we hope to print at some future time. These inspirational discourses were appreciated so well that the management have re-engaged Mrs. Daniels, who will again appear on the platform of Music Hall the two last Sundays in April, which will be the closing lectures of the season.

Next Sunday.

Moses Hull will deliver another of his characteristic discourses, truthful and cogently put. On the 21st of February Mrs. A. A. Currier, inspirational speaker, is expected to lecture.

A "Christian" Convention.

A Convention of "the friends of God and our Country" was called at Columbus, Ohio, for last Tuesday week, to consider the "claims of God and the Christian Religion on our State and Nation." It is the old cat under the very same heap of meal. The call states that the purpose of this assemblage is to secure a "recognition" of God and the Christian Religion, in the Constitution of the United States, to require moral qualifications in civil officers, and the observance of the Sabbath by the departments of Government. We shall have lively times for dissenters, when this class of bigots get the upper hand. Men and women will be apt to cut their hair by law, and we should not wonder if special excitements were selected for this duty. If this class of zealots wish an open trial of their dogmas, they can have it to their hearts' content. They will find it hard to put the blinders on the eyes of the American people now.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published the following new musical compositions: "When a man's a little bit poorly," comic song, sung by Cousin Jedediah of the Continental Vocalists; "Beautiful Bells," song and chorus, words by G. Cooper; "The Upper Ten," as sung by Lingard; "Tomahawk Galop"; "Through the Jessamine," words and music by Claribel; "How Beautiful the Light of Home," by Dexter Smith, music by P. S. Gilmore; "Skating Rink Waltz," by J. W. Turner; "Beautiful Love," song and quartet, by C. A. White, with a beautiful lithograph female figure for frontispiece.

Literary Criticism on our "Harp."

The February number of The Radical contains the following favorable criticism of the new Spiritual song book, The Harp, recently issued by us. We will here say that the work is meeting with very general favor and is having a large sale.

"The first thought that possesses the mind in looking into this book is life, earnest life—not death; life in its crises, in its most vital and important phases; life when it is deepest in solemnity and hope; living truth instead of mouldy and crushing superstitions. In music and verse, this is the most prominent characteristic. The words, blindness, malaria of plous cant and railings of a feast. It is full and gushing with sentiment. It deals with sympathy and affection—the domestic graces and virtues. The bosom consecrated largely by the spirit of family will delight in these tunes and their words. They will teach their children in them. Here are songs and phrases for the sublimest themes—justice, philanthropy, patriotism, temperance, kindness to the needy, charity to the erring; and for all principles and elements that uplift, chasten, console, and beautify life with wisdom and love. So great a proportion of the book is pleasing, we leave the office of criticism to other hands. We like 'The Harp.' It does not differ from other similar books so much in its music (much of which has appeared before), as in its modernness, and its availability for present culture and inspiration. Let it supersede the ancient songs, severe, absurd, abominable hymns that have so long insulted common sense, and outraged the finest emotions of the heart."

Can Such Things Be?

Strange reports reach us from Tallapoosa County, Florida, to the effect that a man named Light-foot, who has been in a trance for thirty days, has awakened with the power to cure every manner of disease by simply touching the afflicted person with his hands. He has already worked several miraculous cures, and his house is thronged with daily applicants for relief from the ills that flesh is heir to. Report says that hundreds, perhaps thousands, are camped around his house waiting for their time to come, and the crowd has been so large that numbers have been compelled to return to their homes without seeing the great physician. Hitherto he has positively refused to receive any compensation for his services, but we understand that his family are now receiving donations from those whom he has cured.—Norfolk (Va.) Journal, Jan. 22.

"Can such things be?" Why, yes. You doubt the cures of Jesus, the medium, the moment you query similar cures in a similar manner to-day. Call and see Dr. Newton, on Harrison Avenue in this city, who deals by touch, as thousands of witnesses can attest.

Spiritualism in Maine.

A correspondent writing to us from Cape Elizabeth, under date of Jan. 25, 1869, says that the cause is rapidly advancing in that place, and that spiritual meetings and circles are being held, awakening much interest. Mrs. M. A. Archer labored there for seven Sundays with good success. The clergy of the place are making great efforts to keep the light from spreading, but nothing can stay its progress when once it has begun to shine. The people have also been addressed by Mrs. A. W. Smith of Portland, to good acceptance. Jabez Woodman, of Portland, an earnest worker in the field of reform, has also spoken in Cape Elizabeth, scattering the seed of truth broadcast. Many who received this light for the first time, have since regularly attended the lectures of Mrs. Bronson in Portland.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

E. V. Wilson lectures in Syracuse, N. Y., during February. Prof. J. Madison Allen will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., until further notice. Dr. P. B. Randolph, who has been lecturing in the West the past six months, has returned to this city, and can be found at No. 46 Pleasant street. He is ready to answer calls to lecture. Mrs. H. E. Wilson will speak in East Boston, Feb. 14th; in Marblehead the 21st and 28th; in Putnam, Conn., through the month of April. Letters directed No. 27 Carver street, Boston. N. Frank White has just closed a successful course of lectures before the Spiritualists of Washington. He was so well appreciated, that a vote of thanks was tendered him. Bro. White speaks in Philadelphia the present month.

Harmony.

We do hope our friends in different sections of the country will make more strenuous efforts to harmonize than heretofore. The bickering between members of local societies is to be deplored. If a little more "free love"—not lust—would enter into their hearts, this blessed bond the angels so much desire they should treasure, would place all the spiritual societies far above the moral status they possess to-day.

A New Map.

We have from B. B. Russell & Co., Boston, a very neat, convenient and well executed Map of Massachusetts, with a map of Boston in the lower left-hand corner, which takes up so little room, and combines accuracy and comprehensiveness in such proportions, that it ought to find a place on the wall of every house and office in the Commonwealth.

A New Speaker in the Field.

Our Boston Lycium has turned out a new lecturer in the person of James M. Choate, a member of Union Group. He has just attained his majority, and is developed as a trance speaker, with the fairest prospects of success. He has engagements in the West, and left for Detroit last week. Success attend him.

Texas.

Dr. Persons is still in Texas healing the sick. He has met with great success. He will be in Jefferson, Texas, from the first of February until March 10th, thence goes to Shreveport, La., until the first of May. From the first of May till June, he will heal in Alexandria, La.

The Spiritual Temple.

We are going to have one, sure. Keep the ball rolling. We have before acknowledged the receipt of \$10.00. Now we add 100.00. Total, \$110.00.

Dr. J. E. Newton in Boston.

By a notice in another column it will be seen that the celebrated healer, Dr. J. E. Newton, has opened an office in this city at No. 23 Harrison Avenue, where he will treat those suffering from any of the ills flesh is heir to. All such should improve their opportunity.

Haverhill, Mass.

Meetings are to be continued in Haverhill, Mass., during February. James B. Morrison is to be the speaker. Sunday evening, January 31st, the hall was filled, and the address by this young trance speaker was listened to with attention.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

J. S. Silver's new work—THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL—is ready for delivery—one of the finest got-up books in America. Sent to any address on receipt of price.

A deserved tribute was shown for the memory of our late co-laborer, Bela Marsh, by the State Convention recently held in this city, by the passage of resolutions—preceded by several eulogies—of respect for one who was held in high esteem, and whose good deeds will outlive his memory. See the proceedings in another part of our paper.

The new spiritual paper, entitled "The White Banner," comes to our table freighted with choice reading. It is published semi-monthly in Philadelphia, by T. Marston, Richner & Co., at one dollar per annum. Success to it and its progenitors. If they do not succeed in reaping a harvest of gold, they most assuredly will gain what is far more precious—the blessings of the angel-world.

"Oliver Optics" bear, at Lee & Shepard's bookstore on Washington street, sent from Maine by Senator Hamlin as a present, is a very tame animal. Prof. Gardner, the N. E. oratorical soapman, called to see him the other day, when Bruin made love to him instantly—if hugging means making love. It was n't the Professor Bruin wanted, however, but the excellent soap in his pocket that had been sent.

THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS, in this city, is increasing so fast in numbers, that active measures are being taken for building a new hall for its better accommodation.

The granaries of California are overflowing with the surplus product of twenty million bushels of wheat.

Fifty-two colleges of the United States made but ninety-six doctors of divinity this year, which is a very small crop. The title is not so much valued as it was when it was conferred upon those who had earned it by distinguished service, rather than upon those who sought it to give distinction to names not otherwise known.

Faith's meanness does more favor bears, where hearts and wills are weighed. Than brightest transports, choicest prayers, Which bloom their hour and fade.

A celebrated New York physician says that Americans are too quiet at their meals. He says, "It is a well-established clinical fact that cerebral society at meals greatly aids digestion. The sympathetic influence between the stomach and brain attests the truth of the assertion."

THE WORDS I and mine constitute ignorance. THINK OF IT—"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "The cold ground," said the child, shuddering again. "No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."—Dickens.

See Southmayd & Co.'s advertisement in another column, and you'll know where to get the best confectionery in Boston.

The "Woman's Home" in Chicago, opened a little more than a year ago, is prosperous. It is now proposed to build an addition to the house, in order to provide accommodation for four times the present number of inmates.

The new back-gammon—the Grecian bend. A young lady who prided herself on geography, seeing a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the "Leaning Tower of Pisa." "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference—that it is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in grease."

Mr. Martin Millmore has made a masterly statuette of the late Governor Andrew, which is pronounced a success by the best art critics and the most intimate acquaintances of the deceased patriot. It represents him as seen when standing on the steps of the State House to receive the battle flags of the returned Massachusetts regiments.

A Massachusetts physiologist asserts that there are no fine singers who use tobacco. It is proved in the dissecting-room, he claims, that tobacco injures the voice.

Many a man, for love of self, To stuff his coffers, starves himself; Labors, accumulates, and spares, To lay up ruin for his heirs; Grudges the poor their scanty dole; Saves everything—except his soul!

The population of Boston has more than doubled since 1845, and including the cities and towns embraced in the immediate suburbs, the population has increased four-fold during that time, and is now considerably over 500,000. The taxable valuation of property in the city for 1868, was \$473,500,000.

Gov. Gilpin, of Arizona, thinks of selling one of his farms. It contains a million and a half acres.—Ez.

These land monopolists are a great hindrance to immigration.

Rev. Dr. Maccorrie, sent to supersede Bishop Colenso in South Africa, is on his way thither. If the colonial civil authorities take Colenso's part and refuse to allow the new bishop to be consecrated in the cathedral, the ceremony will take place on shipboard.

PRESERVE THE BIRDS.—A correspondent hopes that our legislators, this coming winter, will pass a law for the protection of birds' eggs, and says: "If such a law is not passed many of our most useful and beautiful birds will become extinct. Their eggs are now wantonly collected and destroyed under the pretence of making collections, and if this is allowed to continue our land will be overrun with winged and creeping pests, which will destroy our fruit and vegetation, and be a nuisance to our households."

A WELLERISM.—"I'm a 'tlicker friend to you," as the snuff said to the nose.

Albert Brisbane, the well-known Fourierite, has bought a large tract of land in Kansas for a colony of Frenchmen, who will cultivate the land on the cooperative principle, and also manufacture silk goods. This has been a favorite scheme of Mr. Brisbane for many years.

New Publications.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL, by Joseph S. Silver, has been published by William White & Co., and will attract the reader's early attention as well as richly repay his perusal. The proface states that the Gospels of Christianity expressly deny that they are a final revelation; the Gospel of Good and Evil reveals the mystery of evil, the world being now ready to receive it. No revelation is final and unchangeable, but fresh increments of divine instruction will ever be given, as the increased enlightenment of mankind prepares us for their acceptance. This new Gospel is designed to illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils, each being treated in a distinct essay. The conclusions reached are, that good and evil are convertible terms, each being necessary to the existence of the other. Every chapter, or essay, is separate from the rest, and can be perused by itself. The first evils taken in hand for the examination of the writer are physical ones; then follow moral evils. Both are proven to be governed by one and the same law, and to be subservient to similar necessity; so that no clear line of separation can be drawn between them. The questions really investigated in this volume are such as these: How can we reconcile evil with the attributes of omnipotent wisdom and goodness? Could not the same purposes have been effected without evil? If evil be offensive to Deity, why does he permit its existence? and, after death, what good purpose is served by investing evil with immortality, and perpetuating what is to be forever offending him? The writer's style of discussion is calm and temperate, and betrays a nature that is satisfied to rest on nothing short of the truth. The volume is a handsome one, and will be read.

M. Milleson publishes a timely and most suggestive little pamphlet on the "PHYSIOLOGY OF BRAIN LITIGATION," showing how one can be obtained through his medullary agency. The little discourse treats with all possible distinctness of thought and fullness of illustration on a subject in which all men and women are profoundly interested, if they have a friend or relative in the spirit-land. The ideas are many of them decidedly advanced ones, but the spirit of man will expand rapidly to their apprehension and adoption. Mr. Milleson has been a resident of California, and there his marvelous gift became developed and matured. He here explains minutely the process by which his work is performed, which will be of deep interest to every one who has ever seen and known, or even heard of spirit rappings. This is a branch of spiritual manifestation still in its infancy. The parents of Mr. Milleson were Quakers. He may be addressed at Station L, New York, or care of Warren Chase, No. 54 Broadway.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for February has a great variety of original reading matter of general interest, embracing: The Ocean Twins, or the Sunshine and Shadows of Life; A Brother's Error; Sympathy and Cooperation; Two Ways to Live; An Odd Fellow Abroad; Scientific and Curious Facts; Jottings on Different Topics; Illustrated Description of New Orleans, La.; Walks from the West; Ideal of a Wife; Semi-Centenary Thanksgiving; Practical Advice; Robokah Department; Ladies' Odd; Odd Fancies; Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, etc. Published by John W. Orr, 99 Nassau street, New York.

J. P. Mendum publishes "JEWELRY UNVEILED; or, The Character of the Jewish Debt Delineated. To which is prefixed a Letter to the Bishop of Landaff, by a Tradesman." This is the republication of a strong English pamphlet, which will not fail to find eager and numerous readers on this side of the Atlantic. The analysis of the Hebrew writings, called the Old Testament, is like fate itself, shredding its statements into the finest shreds.

THE RADICALS, for February, opens with a Conversation on Woman, by A. Bronson Alcott, and proceeds vigorously with a list of articles, of which the following titles may furnish the qualities: The Method of Revelation; Abstract of the Report of the International Labor Association; From the Country; M. Ernest Renan; and Notes. Other papers are interspersed.

DEAR BANNER—Permit me to say that on reading Bro. Hovey's remarks in your paper of Jan. 30th, the following thoughts so impressed themselves upon my mind that I desire to lay them before your readers, first adding that I appreciate Bro. H.'s motives, and am proud to count him and his most excellent wife among my choicest friends.

The thoughts suggested were these: Oh no, neither rest for my sake, but for the sake of the cause we both love, for the sake of those who sit in darkness and the cold shadow of death; those who have not yet learned what the "True Second Birth" is; or who the angel of the resurrection is; for the sake of those who in the Coming Conflict will fight against us if not enlightened as to our true sentiment, and for the sake of the "liberal-minded" who are thus appealed to, that they may save dollars when that conflict comes by spending dimes now.

If there is one thing above another for which I daily thank the author of my being, it is for an organization that the angels can use to impress thoughts upon the brain, which, flowing from the point of the pen, can be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and lodging, some, at least, on good ground, bring forth thirty, sixty, a hundred fold.

Oh friends, it has been a comfort to me in the silent hours of the night, when pain has rendered me sleepless—a comfort to me to think of those little messengers doing the work that sickness forbade my doing in person. I am at work now, but know not how soon I may be laid aside again; still if I can labor one-half, or even one-third of the time; I can take care of myself. The money that comes from the sale of these tracts and pamphlets will be devoted to the publishing of other matter.

There is many a neighborhood where some good brother or sister is standing alone, and mourning that it is so. It is for the sake of such, also, that these tracts should be brought to notice. Brother, sister, one thousand four page tracts, ten short pointed articles in the variety, making four thousand pages of matter, are furnished for five dollars, and fifty cents for postage, all in a shape that can be scattered through the community either in sets or singly; and if you have patience to wait for the harvest after sowing the seed, you need not always be alone. Sold at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association. The Secretary hereby acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions to the funds of the Society, from the dues of members, since the last report:

Table listing names and amounts: Benjamin Blood, Decatur, for November, December and January, \$3.00; Mrs. Nancy Warren, Boston, 1.00; William W. Rust, Ipswich, January, 1.00; Francis Jenkins, West Newton, 2.00; George Martin, Boston, 1.00; Wm. Currier, Haverhill, 1.00; Mrs. E. L. Currier, 1.00; Edward Willis, Dorchester, 1.00; Mary H. Clapp, 5.00; Mrs. Rebecca Parker, Boston, 5.00; Mrs. A. Brockle, 1.00; Mrs. Atkinson, 1.00; Mrs. B. Bacon, 1.00; L. A. Crockett, 1.00; Mr. T. Tucker, 1.00; Mr. E. Hubbard, 1.00; D. B. Hill, 1.00; George D. Hayes, 1.00; C. R. Norton, 1.00; D. B. Mings, 1.00; L. S. Richards, 1.00; G. W. Smith, 1.00; D. R. Stockwell, 1.00; Luther Stone, 2.00; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wilson, 2.00; Dr. H. P. Gardner, Life Membership, 25.00; Moses Hunt, 25.00; M. V. Lincoln, 2.00; George Talbot, Stoughton, January, 1.00; D. Hillings, South Boston, 1.00; Mrs. C. F. Bullock, 1.00; Mrs. E. Bradford, South Weymouth, 1.00; Willard Blackington, Attleboro', 1.00; Dr. C. C. York, Charlestown, 1.00; Pauline Herr, Stoughton, 1.00; J. E. Hall, Cambridgeport, 1.00; Calvin Haskell, Chelsea, 1.00; John S. Ladd, East Cambridge, 1.00; Nehemiah Leonard, Sharon, 1.00; Windsor Maynard, Berlin, 1.00; Henry W. Pond, 1.00; William W. Rust, Ipswich, 1.00; Anson Rice, Northboro', 1.00; Robert Sherman, Newburyport, 1.00; Mrs. E. Sherman, 1.00; Mrs. J. B. Stearns, Haverhill, 1.00; Mrs. Mary E. Briland, January, 1.00; Mrs. L. Clark, 1.00; John T. Loring, 1.00; Mrs. J. S. Sibley, 1.00; John L. Souther, 1.00; J. Woods, 1.00; Mrs. W. Winslow, 1.00; Gracie Woodworth, 1.00.

H. B. STORER, Corresponding Secretary.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS IN SEVENTEEN PAGES. Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all newly and substantially bound in cloth. Nature's Divine Revelations, 12th edition, Great Harmonia, in five volumes, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker. Magic Staff, in 4 volumes, by the author. Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (200 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of the Universe, Philosophy of Special Providences and Free Thoughts Concerning Hell, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabia, or Divine Quest, Stealer Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memoranda. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$28; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis; and Gift of Spiritism—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$8; postage 50 cts. Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly, of two volumes, price 25 cents. The Boston Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our store; and also the Radical, the ablest monthly published in our country on religious and fully in its name. Call and see our assortment, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

The Lyceum. We have not written nor spoken much on this all-important subject, preferring to leave this department to younger and more active, as well as able, advocates.

For twenty years we have been wholly engaged in disseminating the truths of Spiritualism, putting the facts and philosophy before the people, and, for the last five years, adding, as far as possible, the effort to practically organize the Spiritualists in Local, State and American Societies, for better and more effectual action. We had concluded to work our few remaining days, or years, principally in this work, but we should be sorry to have any of our friends think we did not feel sufficient interest in the heaven-born institution of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, for such it really seems to us. We have watched with the deepest interest every step of its growth and every move to strengthen it, with sorrow every effort to weaken, mar or destroy its beauty or symmetry, for there are those who would soon destroy that beauty, and render it almost useless by their patchwork of alterations and amendments to the Manual and exercises. We were glad to find the Convention, recently held, so nearly unanimous in sustaining and extending it as it is and was received from the spirit-world, and we are glad to be able to say that new efforts to organize Lyceums are being made over a large part of our country where Spiritualism is recognized as a living and religious truth. We have not yet seen nor heard of one (and we are well acquainted with several of the oldest) that has filled out the lessons and exercises of the Manual, and yet there are restless and uneasy persons who are anxious to amend and alter it, and substitute some other and less beautiful, and far less perfect system of teaching and discipline. Some are anxious to have a species of Christian catechism, of course soon to add a religious dogmatism, and thus cut and dog the children to mechanically learn and give the writer's answers to every question, instead of studying out one and giving it original, and thereby quickening and developing the intellect, as is the design in the system. Others are for dropping, mostly, the gymnastic exercises, because they are offensive to the church people, mainly from their novelty and the playfulness with which many of the children perform them, which sectarian people usually deem wicked, and they would prefer to have prayers from teachers and others instead of them. This we should deem fatal to this whole institution, and going back to the churches to die out with them and leave the coast clear for a new beginning by another message from above.

Our Dumb Animals. This is the title of a new paper that appears among our list of contemporaries, trying and tending to soften the hardened, but not totally depraved, human heart. In these times, when so many and such horrible cruelties are almost daily startling us through the press, it is certainly encouraging to find a Berg in New York, and other noble workers in other cities, striving by organization of societies, and by public and private charities, to rescue the poor dumb animals from the human cruelties to which so many of them are subjected. The paper referred to is published in Boston by the State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals, and we certainly hope it will find support and do a good work in the charitable cause that has brought it into existence. We are sure it will have the best wishes and aid from all whose hearts have been imbued by the religion of Spiritualism, and whose heads have been enlightened by its facts. The poor creatures, whose only life is this life, and which have been domesticated into slavery, as the ox, horse, sheep, dog, cat, &c., have, are certainly entitled to be treated with kindness while serving out their existence for our comfort.

Anniversary of Spirit Rappings. The Spiritualists of New York have secured the large hall in Cooper Institute for their anniversary, and are making arrangements for a most interesting and instructive entertainment, for the low price of twenty-five cents admission. The Fox girls, through whom the spirits rapped at the hearts of many of the present believers, will be present, and the committee intend to secure good speakers, good music, and make the time generally interesting.

"Broad" Methodism. "The Rev. J. F. W. Ware, a Unitarian clergyman of Baltimore, is of the opinion that Methodism is to be the religion of the South, but it is to become 'more broad in its faith and charity,' Unitarianism, he says, cannot be popular there. It will succeed in the West, but not in the South, where creeds and prejudices are inherited."

And we add, SPIRITUALISM, which he does not yet see, will supersede both in the South and West.

THE REVOLUTION.—This able and fearless advocate of woman's rights and woman's wages and suffrage, has already talked itself into popularity and gained a foothold among the permanent and live papers of the Metropolis. Its thousands of subscribers seem to be active workers, and are constantly crowding up its list and circulation with a zeal and interest we have never needed in the broader subject of Spiritualism, which involves all the blessings and advantages it claims for woman, and also presents the reality and beauty of the spirit-life to those who labor faithfully in this for the good of their fellow-beings.

Our old friend, J. P. Snow, who has so long and so successfully manufactured and sold steel pens, has retired from the pen business with

the good will of his customers, and engaged in the Life Insurance business for the National Life Insurance Company; and as an evidence of his success in that department has already effected a five thousand dollars insurance on Miss Susan B. Anthony, of the Revolution, who no doubt feels the need of it, since she is not only engaged in but manager of a Revolution among the women. We congratulate him on catching one of the shrewdest of women, and her on securing a good advertising job, which no doubt will follow.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. J. T. Coles, who has been lecturing in Sawyer's Hall for the past two months, has been reengaged for three months more.

Note from E. V. Wilson. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—We "wrestled" with Elder Grant at Danville, N. Y., four nights last week, and we "smote him in the hollow of the thigh," and made him admit, on the stand, publicly, as follows:

"If I am compelled to confine myself to the Bible as authority, then I may as well close the discussion at once." Miles Grant believes the Bible, and can't disprove Spiritualism by the Bible. Tight place that, Elder.

The resolution read: Resolved, That the Bible—King James's version—sustains the teachings and phases of modern Spiritualism. Elder Grant admits it, but as the discussion will be reported in the Danville papers, we withhold comment.

Please notice me as being in Syracuse for the Sundays in February. Buffalo is alive on Spiritualism, and our hall is too small for the evening audiences. All is well, and the home and house of God is in America, and the Spiritualists are his peculiar people. Bless the Lord, everybody! Greet the friends with a holy kiss for me, dear old Banner.

Thine fraternally, E. V. WILSON. Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1869.

Our old friend, Dr. W. J. Young, Book and Paper Agent, 97 Christie street, N. Y., sends in his New Year's present of a new subscriber, and promises several more during the year. "Go thou and do likewise."

Spiritualists visiting New York, can be accommodated with rooms, in a private family, on more reasonable terms than at the hotels, at No. 140 East 15th street.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings. Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 1/2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (covering a reserved seat), \$2.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the Banner of Light office, 153 Washington street.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office. THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RADICAL-PHILOSOPHER: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago. Edited by S. S. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents.

To Correspondents. [We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] H. P. BROWN, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—\$6.00 received. Dr. H. P. FAIRFIELD, FAIRFIELD, O.—\$3.00 received.

Business Matters. Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4wFt. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. FLETCHER, East 12th street, Boston, do not from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. J30.

THE BOND OF PEACE—The only Radical Peace Paper in America. Published monthly by E. James & Daughter, No. 600 Arch street, Philadelphia. \$1.00 per annum.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. FG4w C. D. & I. H. PRESNO, Proprietors.

SPECIAL NOTICES. MATTHEW A. MCCORD, 923 Brooklyn street, St. Louis, Mo. keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. Banner of Light always to be found upon the counter. Aug. 1.

Agents wanted for Mrs. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Jan. 2.

Spiritual and Reform Books. Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, and Mrs. LOU, H. KIMBALL, 137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Flanquettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. J31w.

BE YE HEALED of whatever Disease you have by the GREAT SPIRITUAL HEALER, MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Send a brief description of your disease to P. O. Box 107, New York City. New York City, and those mysterious, wonder-working Powders will be mailed to you, post paid. 1 box \$1. 6 boxes \$5. Jan. 2.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Our terms are, for each line in Azate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance. For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion will be charged. Advertisements to be Renewed must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Thursdays.

DR. W. D. BLAIN Will examine and prescribe for disease by lock of hair. Terms one dollar and stamp. To the poor free. Springfield, Ill. 1w-Feb. 13.

LEGAL DIVORCES. R. W. PEARSON, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, 19 Merchant's Exchange, 33 West Street, Boston, procures divorces in Massachusetts and other States for any good cause. No publicity. Consultation free. Valid everywhere. Feb. 12-1w

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT—ESTIMATED FRIENDS: We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give \$1000 for a case it will not relieve; and will send a sample free to any sufferer who will address us. RAYNE & CO., corner of Broadway and Fulton streets, New York. 8w-Feb. 13.

FOR SALE, or To Let, at Anchora, N. J., 25 miles S. E. from Philadelphia, on Camden & Atlantic R. R., a fine farm of 12 acres, with a new well built house and barn which cost \$4000, partly stocked with fruit. The place will be sold at a sacrifice, or rented low to a good practical farmer or gardener. Address J. W. SPALDING, Anchora, Camden Co., N. J., or E. W. NICHOLS, 46 East 14th street, New York. 1w-Feb. 13.

POISONED TO DEATH

By Eating Adulterated Confectionery! Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald. NEW YORK, JAN. 16, 1869. A little girl died in Patterson yesterday from eating colored candies. They were eaten by the child at Newark on Christmas, since which time she has been suffering, the skin breaking out in sores, and the body swelling until death put an end to her agony. The man who, for sinful love of self, Adulterates our food by compounds vile, Is fit for treason, STRAIGHTEN or apoplexy—Such a man is the traitor of our life!

Purchasers desirous of a pure article, are guaranteed that every particle of Confectionery manufactured by us is pure as the very best Sturt's Crushed Sugar. The Wholesale Trade will find a large assortment at

SOUTHMAYD & CO.'S, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston, Mass.

NEW BRICK MACHINE. PATENTED JULY, 1868. FOR temporary employment—common labor only required—worked by one man—makes 300 at hour, \$100—by steam, with all the machinery, \$2000. The engine, 2000 an hour, \$900—3000 an hour, \$1200. Bricks of all sizes, without mortar, may be exposed on the hill-side anywhere—no washed bricks. \$2500. Fully equipped for drying in twenty-four hours. Bricks, fully equipped, without mortar, \$1000. Bricks molded one day go into the kiln the next all the year. Hot Blast Kiln, by which one-half the fuel is saved—22,000 bricks have been burned with 50 cords. Revoiving Separator, which pulverizes the clay and frees it from stones, pieces of limestone, the size of an acorn, will burn a brick. Works to make 30,000 a day, including the first kiln of 200,000. \$1000. With labor at \$1.00 per day, the cost of bricks delivered to the tower in twelve hours after the clay was dug, \$1.70. With wood at 85¢, bricks ready for delivery at less than \$1.00. For further particulars, in a pamphlet, (tenth edition, enlarged), giving full instructions on brick setting and burning, with wood or coal, address, sending 25 cents, FLETCHER, SMITH, 55 Lexington street, or P. O. Box 536, Baltimore, Md. Feb. 13.

HITCHCOCK'S HALF DIME MUSIC, Printed on heavy muslin paper, 4 pages, colored titles, music and words; price 5 cents. Sent by mail for \$1. NOW READY: No. 1. Captain Jinks. MacLagan. 2. Won't you tell me Why, Robin? Claribel. 3. W. H. Hester Bible a Week. Claribel. 4. Blue Eyes. Claribel. 5. Not for Joseph. Loggia. 6. Goodly. Hatton. 7. I really don't think I shall Miss. Claribel. 8. Prizes of Tears. F. Schubert. 9. Changing the Title. Loggia. 10. Skating on the Ice. Loggia. 11. Genevieve's Walk. Loggia. 12. The Palace. Loggia. 13. Little Maggie May. Loggia. 14. Maggie's Secret. Claribel. 15. His Love Abandoned. Loggia. 16. The Old Cottage Clock. Loggia. 17. Silver Chimes. Claribel. 18. The Rose of Erin. Loggia. 19. Arm-in-Arm. Polka Mazurka. Strauss. The above can be obtained at the Music, Book and Periodical Store, by enclosing the price, 5 cents, each, in the Publisher. Other choice selections, in the same style, at 5 cents each. BROWN, HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 55 North Spring street, New York, under St. Nicholas Hotel. Feb. 13-1w

DR. JAMES GANNON CHESLEY, No. 16 Salem street, Boston, Mass., Eclectic and Magnetic Physician, cures mind and body. If you wish to become a medium, call on Dr. C., the great healer and developer of clairvoyance. He is also a clairvoyant, and can see the future of the living. He is also a clairvoyant, and can see the future of the living. He is also a clairvoyant, and can see the future of the living.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA. Session for ladies commences March 23, 1869, and continues fourteen weeks. Fees for the entire course \$30. No other expenses. For particulars address, JON. FITZ, No. 11, DEAN, 214 Pine street, Philadelphia. 2w-Feb. 13.

DE. AMNER DISCLOSURE of the mouth, and to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Office hours on Sunday from 9 till 2. 31 Boylston street, Boston.

ANNIE DENTON BRIDGE continues to make Psychological Examinations for mental, oil, &c., \$5.00; for character, (sometimes obtaining glimpses of the future) \$2.00. Address, No. 16 Circular Row, 11th street, East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. Feb. 13.

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MRS. A. BABBITT, Medical, Clairvoyant and Eclectic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4wFt. MRS. M. A. PORTELL, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, 8 Lagrange street, Boston. Feb. 13-1w

PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. GARDNER. WE have procured an excellent photograph (likeness of Dr. Gardner, the well-known Unitarian Minister, Spiritualist, which we will mail to order on receipt of 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 153 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

ANOTHER NEW BOOK. THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL. "I CREATED LIGHT AND DARKNESS, AND I CREATED GOOD AND EVIL, SAITH THE LORD." By James S. Silver.

THIS book treats in an able manner of Physical and Moral Evils, and the Religious Aspect of Good and Evil—subjects of great interest to the whole human family. The reader cannot well help following the author to the end of his book, for his illustrations are apt and forcible. The reader will form some idea of the work by perusing the following list of

CONTENTS: PART FIRST—Physical Evil: Hygeinical Evil Defined; Elementary Evil; Storms and Floods; Harsh Mountains; Compensation; Consumption of Nations; Earthquakes and Volcanoes; Darkening of the Sun; The Plagues of Egypt; Hunger; Disease and Pain; Death; Modes of Death; Man's Long Indignity; A. C.; Rotation of the Wheel of Life; Immortality of Nature's Laws; A History of the Law of Creation; Evil is a Relative Term; No Good without Evil; No Evil without Good; Abusive Struggles for Good without Evil; The Harmony of Nature. PART SECOND—Moral Evil: What is the Moral Law; The Moral World also prevails; Civilization and its Inevitable Evils; Overpopulation; The Labor Bureau for mental, oil, &c., \$5.00; for character, (sometimes obtaining glimpses of the future) \$2.00. Address, No. 16 Circular Row, 11th street, East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. Feb. 13.

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AFTER DEATH; OR, Disembodied Man.

THE Location, Topography and Scenery of the Supernal Universe; its Inhabitants, their Customs, Habits, Modes of Existence; Sex after Death; Marriage in the World of Souls; The Six Ages of the Soul; The Various Influences to which the Soul is Subject; "DRAGONS WITH THE DEAD." By the Author of "Pre-Adamic Man," Dealings with the Dead, etc. Price \$1.00, postage 5 cents; cloth \$1.50, postage 6 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 153 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Alma J. H. Conant. while in a trance. She called the trances. These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an unrepentant state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask that you read the doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one is admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited. Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Boquets of Flowers. Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation.

O Holy One, thou who hath watched over us in wisdom and in love all the days of our lives, we would flee, for the moment, away from the darkness of our own ignorance to commune with thy wisdom and thy glory. We come to thee this hour with our prayers and our praises, and we breathe them into the darkness of human life, knowing that thou wilt accept them, and that thy blessing is as sure to rest upon them as the sun to shine when the shadows of this day have passed. We recognize thy life with us to-day, and thy wisdom and thy power are an ever-present shield for our weakness and our ignorance. We read the volume of life as best we may, yet we understand it but imperfectly, for life is vast; it is infinite, and we are finite. Life is all that ever was, that is, or ever can be; therefore, we must not expect to weigh it all in the balances of our small senses, to analyze it, to fathom it—we cannot; yet, Great Spirit of all Life, we can adore, we can recognize, we can love thee, for do we not see that thou art blessing us perpetually? Do we not read thy love and thy wisdom and thy power in the earth, in the heavens, in the distant stars, in all the many, many masses that are everywhere about us with thy children? Do we not behold that thou art constantly watching over us, defending even the smallest atom that floats in the sunbeam? And since we know this shall we fear thee? No, we cannot; but we will adore thee, and love thee, and seek to worship thee in spirit and in truth.

We thank thee for all that thou hast given us—for to prominent spirits that stand out in the earth-life like bright lights, telling of things to come, and talking against the error that is. Oh we thank thee for the men of the Phillipses and Garrison and Brights; those men who have great thoughts, and dare to speak them; those men who behold wickedness in high places, and dare to bring it to light. Oh for these we do most fervently thank thee. And we are glad that the time has come when thy children in mortal do better understand thee, and are glad that the sun of justice is beginning to shine upon them, and that their guide of truth is beginning to be seen by their opponents. We thank thee for their words, for their deeds, for their thoughts; and we ask that when they shall have passed beyond the boundaries of time, they may return casting their mantle on worthy shoulders, so that the great record of truth and justice may be borne on, forever on through all time. We thank thee that nations do not always remain in one condition; that they are ever-changing, like all things of form. We thank thee that governments change, from centre to circumference. We thank thee that while all things bearing the shell of form change, thyself alone remaineth unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Oh we praise thee that charity and love and benevolence and wisdom and justice walk the earth to-day; that there are saviours in the land, and that their words and deeds and thoughts will bear fruit from the tree of life that will be acceptable even unto the angels. Grant that thy children here this hour may make new resolves, and pay all their old vows, and rejoice in the coming of the angels in the new dispensation of an old gospel, so that the kingdom of heaven may begin to be seen on earth, and that thy children may be as I, and thee, the Great Father and Mother of us all. Amen. Nov. 10.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider whatever questions you may have to propose.

QUESTIONS.—It has been asserted by many prominent Spiritualists, and by Catholic Bishops even, that there are nearly eleven millions of believers in Spiritualism in the United States. But we find in the daily papers of to-day the following, viz: that Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, thinks there are but four million two hundred and thirty thousand individuals of this persuasion. Can you, from your standpoint, give us the facts in this regard?

ANS.—Yes, we can. It would be absolutely impossible for an Andrew Jackson Davis, or any other man in the body, to determine correctly concerning this point, because there are so many believers that are believers in the dark; that is to say, that keep their belief strictly within their own bosoms. Many do not even dare admit their belief to their nearest and dearest friends. Now let us positively say by the name of spirits who have investigated the subject, that there are between twelve and thirteen millions of Spiritualists at heart right here amongst you. We have set the figures low—you may be sure of that.

Q.—What do spirits mean when they use the word "emblematic," in reference to spirit likenesses?

A.—They mean that they are emblems or symbols of the characteristics of the spirit; that they are not intended always to convey a correct likeness of the features, the form of face, or form of stature entire, but they are more calculated to convey an idea of the leading characteristics of the mind.

Q.—Are not all paintings and music but emblematic of the soul-life of Nature?

A.—Yes, to a very great extent, they certainly are.

Q.—Was there ever a spirit drawing, made by any medium, that was more than an emblem of the object so represented?

A.—No, I think not. However, I am not sure.

Q.—Do any of the drawings in this room represent any spirit in form and feature?

A.—No, not at all; but they do represent the leading characteristics of certain spirits who once lived on the earth.

Q.—Do spirits have streams of colored light emanating from the eyes, and other nerve centres? If so, what are they colors?

A.—They certainly do. Every nerve centre has its own peculiar light, and that light has its own peculiar color, and the brain combines all the colors of all the different nerve centres. You are physically and spiritually, so far as form is concerned, electric machines; and because you are, you are constantly exhaling electricity, under all its forms, shadowing forth all its different degrees.

Q.—Please give some plain understanding to the circle of the nature of spirit-artist control?

A.—There are so many kinds of spirit-artist control that I am at a loss to know which kind you correspond refers to.

CHARLES M.—Perhaps you can explain the method in which the drawings of Mr. Milson are given.

A.—In that special case, where the mind of the earthly artist is not used, of course the control is mechanical. The thinking power is outside and beyond the earthly artist, while the hand only is used. But sometimes the brain of the earthly artist is largely used; sometimes to a very small extent, just as the controlling influence can best adapt itself to the conditions. Sometimes it can be done better by controlling the brain, sometimes by cutting off the connection between the brain and arm, and using the arm mechanically. There are so many means by which spirits make themselves manifest, either in an artistic way or otherwise, that it would be impos-

ble to enumerate them all in the short space allotted us.

Q.—Do you believe that the Nazarene only healed those that believed in him?

A.—No; why should I?

Q.—It seems to be affirmed by the Catholic sect.

A.—I believe that the Nazarene, so-called, was a very good, moral man, and that he possessed healing powers in a very large degree, and that he was able to exercise those powers on all who could come within his electrical sphere. He could do that, and no more. All your modern healers do the same. I do not think that their belief had anything at all to do with it, any more than I believe the earth to be flat because certain ancients believed it to be so.

Q.—Do you believe he could walk on the surface of the water?

A.—Yes, by virtue of assistance from disembodied spirits, precisely as media are carried from one point to another at the present time; not by virtue of his special divinity, by any means.

Q.—Do you know anything definite as to what extent Catholic priests communicate with spirits?

A.—I know nothing definite, but I do know that the Catholic Church, as a body—so far as the clergy are concerned—have been in the habit of holding communion with familiar spirits, as far back as their Church dates.

Q.—Is that secret possessed by the priests of the Catholic Church?

A.—I think so. And I believe that which seems, in itself, to be the most mysterious—mysterious only because shielded from common gaze—is kept for the use of the highest dignitaries of the church. The communion of the saints is a part of their religion, a part of the doctrine of the creed. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of the saints. Well, who are the saints? Why, they are spirits of just men and women who once lived on the earth. There is their St. Patrick and all their various saints. They profess, outwardly, to hold communion with them, but they say to the common people, "This is reserved for us. We stand between them and you. We commune with them, and, through them, to the Father, and if you desire to commune with them it must be only through us," which is entirely false. A common man or woman can do it just as well. It is one of the absurdities of the Catholic Church. The Protestant Church is not a whit behind in absurdity—not a whit.

Q.—Do you believe that all Scripture is the word of God?

A.—Yes, I do believe that all Scriptures are the word of God, but I do not believe in any written word of God. I mean the Scriptures of Life, of Nature, those that bear record of the truth. I do not mean those which could have been concocted by almost any brain. I do not refer at all to any, so-called, sacred written word. I believe in the Scriptures of the rocks, of the waters, of the skies, of the stars, of everything that God manifests through in Nature. There are no Scriptures written on the God working through them and manifesting through them. They are to me the word of God.

Q.—What was the origin of Shakerism? How was it founded?

A.—That is a well-known fact. The Shakers profess that their founder was one Ann Lee, and so far as modern Shakerism is concerned, I believe they are correct.

Q.—You do not believe that Jesus Christ taught Shakerism?

A.—No, I do not, except so far as there are principles of truth, justice, mercy and love in Shakerism.

Q.—Is Shakerism the right belief?

A.—I am not sure that it is. It is right in some, and wrong in some. I do not believe that Jesus Christ was any more the Son of God than you are. I believe in his living, and his teaching. So are you, and I should pity you exceedingly if I believed otherwise. Nov. 10.

Henry Jewell.

I was born in Salisbury, Mass., but I died in Savannah, Georgia. I was seventy-eight years old. Henry Jewell, my name. I died of apoplexy—suppose it might be called—in Sept., 1862, at which time four of my family were cut down by the process of war.

I never favored the proceedings of the Charleston Convention, although the most of my family did. They attributed my disapproval to my Northern birth. May be so; but I foresee that they would be defeated. I know the strength of the North better than they did, and I was just as sure that Northern steel and lead would win as I am sure of it now. I told them that, in case of a civil war, the South would suffer most; while the North would get rich the South would get poor; and that the abolition of negro slavery would be certain—it could not be prevented; and that all the favorite institutions of the South would be entirely broken up. And that even after the return of peace, anarchy at the South would reign; and that there could no good come to the South, except to the negro. If his freedom might be called a good to him, why then good would come. But I doubted that then; I doubt it now, because I know that there is too much prejudice and coldness in Northern hearts to take in the negro they have half liberated. Set him free and let him take care of himself. But they forget that he is not able to do it—never has done it—do not know anything about doing it. So far as this generation of freedmen is concerned, it is a curse, an absolute, positive curse. Still, it may as well be done one time as another. It was a bad legacy that Massachusetts gave—in company with other States—to the South, when she handed over her slaves and declared that there should be no more slavery upon her shores. Bad, very bad. The South was not at all to blame. I saw it and know it, although I was Northern born.

I am here to reach my sons and my grandchildren if I can, what are left here on the earth. I told them what would come to them in case of a civil war. It has come. They are the losers. Now I should be very glad from my new home to come and communicate with them, talk with them, exchange sentiments with them, just as if I were here. They must be satisfied of my identity, I think. If they are not, I can satisfy them, only give me a nearer privilege. It is not so comfortable to stand off at this distance and endeavor to make your friends know that you have been here. Thomas and Stephen, my sons; they do not know anything concerning these truths, but I want they should. Now I am sure that they give me credit for having more sense than they had, and I want them to give me credit for being wise in seeking out this way of return, and depending it to me, so far as I was able to. If there are any of these persons near at hand, where they can gain access to them, go there. It is worth going for. I say to them now, as I said to them twenty—thirty years ago, when my son Thomas wrote to me, wanting some aid in worldly matters—wished me to transmit it to him in a certain way—said it to him, "If it is worth having it is worth coming for." He was not very long in coming. I say the same now. Do not expect me to hunt up these persons all over the country, and send them to you. Can't do it; would n't if I could. Come to me. Come where I can do better, and then we will see what will follow. Good-day. God bless you. Nov. 10.

Susie C. McDonald.

I come to try to satisfy my friends that I can come. It is very hard for me to speak, because I have so recently passed to the spirit-world. I was nineteen years old. I was born in New York State. My father was a Scotchman by birth. A little more than one year ago I took a severe cold, had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and finally, I suppose, it terminated in pulmonary consumption. In the beginning of last September my father took me to his native land in the hope of restoring me to health, and I seemed better for the time, but suddenly relapsed into my former state, and speedily sank away. Yesterday my spirit joined my mother. Before my death, during my sickness, I entertained very strange views in favor of spiritual religion. I read many of David's works, and was often, and many other spiritual works. And I told my friends if perchance I should find it true when I passed on, I would return, and in such an unmistakable manner that they could not doubt. Now they do not know of my death, and I come here to you that I may add my mite in favor of your glorious philosophy. My father will leave in a few days for America. He will not bring my body for I was my wish that it remain there, but he will of course bring news of my death, and of the manner in which I died. My last words were, "Father, I believe spirits can return, for I am sure that I must be my mother." I in-

stinctively felt it was her. [Did you see her?] I did. The old ladies there said I was gifted with the Scottish second sight.

When next I come I shall be strong, and able to do better. Susie C. McDonald. [Can you give the Scotch time when you passed away?] Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon. Nov. 10.

James Clary.

Good-afternoon, sir. [Good-afternoon. How do you do?] Pretty well, thank you. Well, sir, I suppose I will have to register myself as James Clary, an Irishman by birth, and I come here to get into communication, if I can, with my sister Mary. I went out to California and I enlisted under Baker, and got out of this world in that way; and I was glad to get away to get out. It is very much better than coughing yourself out on to the other side. Now, you see, there is nothing at all of the sickness about me. I'm as well as ever I was in the world. No bad feelings to bring back here, for, you see, I was popped out so quick, there was no chance to think what was the matter with me, or that I was going. That is the way to go, so far as the going out is concerned, it was a very good thing. [You don't all go for that.] No, of course not, but because some people linger a long time and suffer a great deal; but I was speaking of my own experience, you know.

Now, you see, I suppose, unless I register myself as a member of the Catholic Church, I'll not be thought very well of in coming back this way. Well, I don't know whether I am a member at all. I don't know whether death cuts us off, or what it is, because I see no Catholic here I am, and I don't know, and I don't know where I am. But at any rate, I am pretty well off, and very well satisfied with my condition. I don't know at all but it may be a kind of purgatory; but it's a very good kind, and I ain't disposed to find fault with anybody about it.

This is Boston, is it? [Yes.] I want to get a communication to Taunton. I lived myself a little while in Worcester. Well, now, you see, the trouble is, they know I ain't dead, and all about that, but not about my coming back, nor where I am, nor nothing at all. Prayers was said for the rest of my soul, and I don't know whether it is due to their prayers that I am resurrected in this way, or what it is due to, but I know I am here.

I met my father, the old gentleman that died in the old country before we came here, and he was hearing about this coming back; but, oh, Lord, he was n't going to try it. Not he. He thought it was the thing and he did n't like the process of dying over again, and he was n't coming back. Well, says I, I am. I've met a good many of our people, and they are all for coming back, and I'm coming too. But he said I did n't know the way, and all that. Well, I said I do n't know how it is, but the Colonel is going around the country and in England, and all round preaching, and if I can't get a chance to come back through him, I shall think it is very strange.

Well, they said that the clergy of our Church know all about this, and that they have communication with departed spirits, and if they do, they know all about those that come back, and if my message reaches any of them that knows about me, or my sister, I want them to let her know I come, and about the process by which she can talk to me, as I talk to you. If it is not in accordance with the will of the Church, then I will take it outside of the Church.

I was a very happy kind of an individual here, never had a great deal to trouble me. Could earn enough to get along very well, and was quite comfortably and happily situated here, and find myself just so in the spirit-world; so, you see, there's nothing to mourn about.

I ain't seen God, not at all; nor the saints, nor angels, nor nothing like it. Not he. I suppose they are in some good way of looking out for us all, because we've all seem to be pretty well cared for. And I've noticed that those that do n't do very well get a good strapping, wherever they are, when their turn comes. There's one old man here I knew when I was in California. Oh, I tell you he was plous on the outside as a brown wharf rat. Ah! he was all piety—a Protestant, by the way—and he was the greatest cheat and thief and liar you ever knew of. He was n't worth a cent, he cheated out of thirty or forty dollars, and he said to him then: "Look here! there's a time coming when you'll get strapp'd for that as you deserve to." Well, I met the old chap here, and a more miserable old cuss you never see—buck your pardon—but that's just as 'tis. He's looking for the way back to earth to see how his stocks come on. 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